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JOHN BULL

Vol. XI. No. 275 | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1911. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT COUPON.
Available until SEPTEMBER 13. See page 369.

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BUSINESS GIRL

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The following claims have been received for our issues of June 24th and July 29th.

ALBERT EDWARD CLARKE, 8, Mary Street, Tolls, East Ardley, nr. Wakefield, No. 200,492. June 24th.

W. SALTER, 125, St. Georges Road, Holloway, N., No. 91,737. July 29th.

C. DOWSETT, 51, Coxson Place, Tower Bridge Road, No. 515,566. July 29th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 12th:—

956	126581	334907	474801	636000
9107	160082	340200	495369	649411
30778	193345	357535	518176	692238
38764	201877	374723	528129	713336
46555	216210	389181	530408	721613
68940	227834	405216	559020	748548
76168	248548	412009	562983	771340
102919	270844	435622	599981	777228
127513	302155	454755	619178	814272
130279	310149	466164	629360	816275

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 7TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 5TH)

The John Bull League.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XI. No. 275. Saturday, September 9th, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Oilhams, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

TO READERS ABROAD.

JOHN BULL *is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout Great Britain and Ireland and the Continent as follows :—Paris, at the Railway Stations—Nord, Ouest, P.L.M., Orleans, l'Est : the principal Kiosques on the Boulevards, etc. : Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, rue de Rivoli : Libraries—Timotei, rue Castiglione : Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera : Byron, rue Castiglione : Galignani, 224, rue de Rivoli : Anglaise, Avenue Victor Hugo : Charruet, rue d'Isty : Leveau, Avenue Kleber : F. Tennant Pain, 18, rue Favart, Wholesale and Continental Representative. Railway Bookstalls and principal Libraries at Marseilles, Hyeres, Cannes, St. Raphael, Nice, Beaulieu, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Mentone. In India, A. H. Wheeler & Co., and all their railway bookstalls. It is also obtainable through Messrs. Gordon & Gotch's Agencies in the Colonies.*

The John Bull League.

GRAND GALA DAY,
At the FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, CRYSTAL PALACE,
Prior to the
Opening of the Autumn and Winter Campaign.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th.
Continuous Fun and Frolic, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING
TO BE ADDRESSED BY THE PRESIDENT,
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.,
IN THE CENTRE TRANSEPT at 7.30 p.m.
Special reduced terms for admission to Festival of Empire, and all attractions. Full particulars will be announced in due course.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

THE DURBAR.

On another page we publish a thoughtful article with the object of inducing the Government to advise the King to abandon the Delhi Durbar. Not for over eight hundred years has a British Sovereign been out of Europe—and in these days we can never be sure when the King may be wanted. That, however, is a minor consideration compared with the inauspicious conditions now prevailing throughout India. To send His Majesty there, in such circumstances, were little less than a political crime.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

It has been found impracticable to make the League Day at the Crystal Palace September 30th, but the following Saturday, October 7th, has been secured, and we hope all Leaguers will keep the date free. It *will* be a day—fun, frolic and feeding till the evening, and then a monster demonstration in the Centre Transept.

SOUTH HACKNEY.

The *Daily News* announced the other day that we had been "called upon to resign." Up to the present, however, the call has not reached us. When it does, it shall have whatever consideration it may deserve. It must be clearly understood, however, that we shall not go before the end of September—the 29th being Pay Day!

THE CALL.

Since writing the above, we have received a copy of the resolution passed at a meeting held in Central Hackney. Noticing that it did not in express terms purport to be a meeting of South Hackney electors, we instituted enquiries, and discovered that in its original form such words were used, but that in deference to a protest from several persons present (presumably the South Hackney contingent), the words were taken out by the Chairman before the resolution was submitted. And this resolution is then sent to the press in the guise of a demand from South Hackney for our resignation! Talk about false and fraudulent misrepresentation! We shall really have to report the matter to Lords Justices Moulton and Buckley.

"TAKEN AND WANTED."

It was generally understood that Members of Parliament would receive the first payment on account of salary at the end of the present month. It, therefore, came as an agreeable surprise to many when, last week, warrants in respect of the June quarter arrived. Many Members have, accordingly, suddenly altered their autumn plans, and are taking the money abroad to spend.

GET ON OR GET OUT.

The Secretary of the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen has been complaining to the Railway Commission that promotion by seniority has gone by the board. That would not be a legitimate grievance if merits were taken into consideration. But the usual methods under the present party system are promotion by toadying, promotion by backstairs influence, and promotion by failure. So perhaps there is something to be said for the old hide-bound way after all.

GOOD NEWS.

"Owing to lack of funds, the Church Missionary Society has been compelled to adopt a policy of retrenchment." This is, indeed, good news. Perhaps the recent strike may have drawn the attention of the pious to the fact that there is work to be done at home.

"JOHN v. MARY."

What a fine race Mary is putting up for our Circulation Stakes—her half-million against our million weekly! She has now, without any notice to us, entirely changed the "make-up" of *Mrs. Bull*—with the result that this week's issue is undoubtedly the last word in woman journalism. Still, we venture to think that our own issue is a record.

Why Not Fluctuating Wages?

We are only too pleased to consider every suggestion for obviating strikes. Here is one :—"The cause of the present distress is to be found in the fact that the purchasing power of money has declined. Now, money, as every student of elementary political economy knows full well, is merely a standard of value and a means of exchange. Workers are paid in money only for convenience, barter being somewhat out of date. But there is no reason for giving them a smaller amount of commodities because gold has depreciated. In old days, a parson's wages depended on the price of wheat during the year. Why not adapt this principle to wages? It would be easy to strike an average of the prices of the principal commodities every year, fix the real value of a sovereign, and pay accordingly." This is a new idea, but we do not think it is a bad one. We see several difficulties in the way of the proposal—the chief of which is how employers are to regulate *their* prices.

Bands for Gipsies.

Gipsy music being notoriously the most entrancing, fantastic, emotional in the world, the Gipsy Queen at Wandsworth has decided to attract the British public to her entertainments by hiring an English military band! By the way, are our military bands really at the beck and call of every mountebank with a few sovereigns in her pocket? We have no wish to insult the Romany when they adhere to their ancient customs, but we do draw the line at their hiring a portion of our army as an adjunct to their antics.

Nil Esperanto.

Birds of a feather. . . . The Esperantists have been holding high carnival at Antwerp, where they flocked together with vegetarians, theosophists and (who knows?) a handful of teetotalers. We wonder why a diet of nuts should drive people to enthusiasm over the study of gibberish. It is stated that "a grand ball in national costume was given." But what is the Esperantist national costume?

Foreign Flags.

The sight of a German flag over a restaurant at that cosmopolitan watering-place, Aix-les-Bains, so exasperated a couple of French officers that they ordered a policeman to remove it, and, on his failing to do so, one of them actually climbed the flagstaff to tear down the offending emblem. He had not even the patience to wait and fumble for the rope. No doubt such feverish excitement was ridiculous, but we wish someone would take notice of all the foreign flags which are flaunted in the principal streets of our metropolis. We are certainly a very tolerant people, and deserve all the popularity we can get from aliens.

The Feet of Clay.

Don Alfonso condescendingly told a Spanish popular leader, "We may all have to be Republicans soon." Probably sooner than he anticipates. But does this mean that he intends to take it lying down like his brother of Portugal? His admirers have never tired of proclaiming that he at least was a fighter, that he would die in the last ditch. Apparently he, too, is only one of the dine-hards.

O Sancta Simplicitas!

The scare headline, "Homeless with a Banking Account," does not take our breath away. We have known many people who had banking accounts yet wanted to borrow half-crowns. It is only foreign hotel-keepers who jump to the conclusion that a fat cheque-book is the outward and visible sign of vast wealth, and even they have their moments of disillusion. Far from being an asset, a banking-account often proves an avenue to increased liabilities.

Sauve-qui-peut.

When the French steamer *Emir* was lost the other day, 62 passengers and 24 sailors were drowned. But the captain, first and second mates, boatswain, three sailors and five stokers were among the saved, as against only 15 passengers. Evidently French maritime etiquette differs from our own, which prescribes that the captain shall be the last to leave his ship.

"Saving His Face."

We are informed that at a recent open-air meeting at Bradford, Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., when heckled by one of his constituents in reference to his vote in the Akbar Reformatory Division, stated that, "the Labour Party voted for Mr. Masterman because they did not wish to blast his political career." Another light on the Party game!

An Ignorant Scribe.

The *Morning Leader* contemptuously dismisses the language of the Romanies as "tribal argot." This beats many records of abysmal ignorance among half-penny scribes. One does not expect the *Morning Leader* to know anything about literature, so we are not surprised that the libraries of books which have been expended on gipsy lore should prove an unknown land. But we did think that every child in a board-school had at least a nodding acquaintance with the fantastic beauties of Borrow. And why *argot?* Why try to show off a smattering of French, when the word "slang" provides an exact equivalent?

A Fool's Errand.

What can be the inducement to anyone to spend time and money in rushing round the world in forty days? For our part, we would sooner spend forty years in the wilderness, where at least we might get a shot at a lion. Think of the monotonous rush, the vibration, the dirt of engines, the tantalising experience of never being able to wait and see anything, however exciting. And what poor journalism, too. Who wants to read about forty days in sleeping cars and floating palaces? It is not even a feat of endurance.

Not Fit to Own a Kitten.

At any rate one good Act of Parliament has just received the Royal Assent. Henceforth, if a person is convicted of gross cruelty to an animal, it may be confiscated and entrusted to kinder hands. Imagine the sort of treatment which a helpless dog is likely to receive from its owner after he has spent seven days in prison for torturing it.

A Martyr to Modesty.

The question about the rudeness of the nude has received a tragic answer from Kent. A hop-picker, returning from a swim, espied some young women near his clothes. Fearing to shock them by emerging in that state with which Nature endowed him, he plunged back into the water and was drowned. What a lesson for prudes who teach men to be ashamed of their own bodies!

Don't Nail Their Ears to the Pump.

The Consumers' strike in France is ingenious and might well find imitation over here. Many tradesmen do overcharge, especially when dealing with the poor, who are forced to pay out of all proportion for small quantities. Our housewives would do well to refuse to deal with exorbitant vendors. Of course, they would never go the length of those naughty French hussies, who are picketing the market-places and obstructing the farmers' carts. That would not be polite, and would be considered reprehensible at Billingsgate.

VOTES FOR BRATS.

Jim Crow writes:—"Boy-scouts have been advertising themselves as special constables at a fire. The next thing will be to find them enrolled for the suppression of strikes, in other words taking part in the political disputes of capital and labour. The argument against female suffrage is that women cannot fight. Conversely, if boys can do policemen's work, why should they not have a voice in the making of our laws?" It is quite useless to argue with Jim!

VULGAR VANDALS.

We believe in people doing what they please with their own, but the expression of Swiss vulgarity has gone beyond a joke. The greater part of the Alps has now been turned into a sort of overgrown White City, blazing with electric light, flashing all the crude colours of Bengal flames, belching forth rockets and Catherine wheels, taking our breath away with unnecessary bonfires. Instead of enjoying a healthy climb you are now expected to ascend the mountains in lifts. Once at the summit, you find huge hotels, sanded or asphalted paths, rows of seats, refreshment bars, and tin tabernacles wherever there is supposed to be a remnant of a view. No wonder that most of us prefer to take our holidays at home.

FOR LOVERS ONLY.

A stale agitation is being revived against flirtation in open places. As a contemporary observes, "it is a characteristic of young people in the ecstatic condition of magnetic youth to be completely oblivious to their surroundings." We admit that some of the sights on Hampstead Heath, Clapham Common and Hyde Park are not precisely edifying to the young and innocent. But that is no reason for depriving poor lovers of every opportunity for amorous dalliance. Why not have nice groves reserved "for lovers only"? Also a Lovers' League to chastise blackmailers and other unscrupulous blackguards who take advantage of momentary indiscretions?

THE BIG D—— AND WORSE.

Now we know why the golf caddies of Bray have struck—not for shorter hours, not for higher wages, not for lighter loads of clubs, but—for the suppression of improper language. On some English links the caddies can stand pretty nearly anything in the way of words, but at Bray, which is in Ireland, they have a limit. They do not mind players cursing their luck, cursing their play, cursing the balls, cursing the clubs, cursing the green, and cursing their opponents, but they do draw the line at cursing the caddie; hence the strike. "Better language, gents, or carry your own clubs." Such is the ultimatum of the shocked and indignant caddies of Bray. The players had better concede the demands of the strikers. This is an age of sacrifice.

A DAHLIA STORY.

According to Prebendary H. V. Stuart, who has been opening a flower show at Boothen, a doctor on a visit to an old woman in the Cannock Chase colliery district, found little or no covering on her bed. "Where's the blanket?" he asked. "Oh," she responded, "the master took it to keep the frost from the dahlias." If the Prebendary had not told this story—well, anyway he probably will not mind our disbelieving it, for as likely as not he doesn't believe it himself. But it does illustrate in a way the almost selfish devotion of some men to their gardens. They don't spend half as much time in cultivating their wives as they do in cultivating their roses, their carnations, their chrysanthemums, or their dahlias. In a sentence, they are garden mad—floricultural monomaniacs.

OUR LIVEST BISHOP.

Our congratulations to Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham, on his translation to the See of Oxford. Dr. Gore is one of our livest bishops, by which we mean a bishop who strives his hardest to apply Christianity to earth as well as to preach about its relationship to heaven. We had a crow to pluck with him apropos of his inhibition of Canon Henson, but apart from that regretable incident we have nothing but admiration for the man and his work. His breadth of mind, his vigour of intellect, his practical Christian teaching, his human sympathies, his freedom from cant—these are the qualities which have brought Dr. Gore from the obscurity of Pusey House into the full light of episcopal eminence. Wherefore we lay our hands upon him in blessing.

NORFOLK GROWN TOBACCO.

The experiments of Major Whitmore in the growth of Turkish and Virginian tobacco, at his place in Norfolk, seem to be satisfactory as far as they have gone. As yet they have not gone any further than the successful production of healthy plants, which is something. The essential questions are, whether they can be properly cured and what will be the flavour of the leaf at the end of the process? Our faith in the commercial possibilities of British tobacco is not robust. A few years ago, if we rightly remember, somebody sent us a cigar made from tobacco grown in Ireland, and an expert to whom we handed it said he preferred Irish potatoes. True, Ireland isn't in Britain, and British tobacco, had it a fair chance, might be better. But the official attitude of the watchdogs of the Inland Revenue towards home-grown tobacco is not encouraging, so that for many years to come we shall probably continue to get our supplies from abroad. This means millions of loss, supposing we can grow decent tobacco ourselves, to the British growers. On the whole, it seems probable Major Whitmore will find it more profitable to grow cabbages.

VACCINATION *à la Mort*.

There are two subjects which the cautious editor never ventures to introduce into his paper except under the hardest pressure of public duty: one is vaccination and the other is theology. If he starts one of these subjects in this generation, the discussion stops short of the Resurrection because he has to put his foot down to save himself from being swept into the void by the torrents of correspondence he has innocently let loose. In mentioning a case at Leigh, therefore, we give fair notice that we do not want any correspondence on the matter, and trust pro-vaccinators and anti-vaccinators will kindly accept this (the only) intimation. Two children of admittedly healthy parents, born in Leigh workhouse, were vaccinated ten days after their birth, the operator being the Medical Officer, and the material the standard lymph, supplied by the Local Government Board. A few days afterwards the children developed a rash; twelve days after vaccination they died. The doctor who performed the post-mortem says the convulsions were not due to the lymph, but to septic poisoning through "secondary infection of the vaccination marks." The layman is not a competent critic of such a statement. He is only entitled to wonder whether the doctor is right, and, if so, how both the children's "marks" got poisoned—which we hereby do.

THANK YOU, MR. PLOWDEN.

We are obliged to the courteous and genial Cadi of Marylebone for mentioning our disclaimer of any knowledge of one of the parties in a case recently before him.

Liverpool and its Beer.

It is about time somebody tested the right of the Liverpool magistrates to put pressure on licensees to charge a uniform price for beer independent of quality. The whole business seems to us little short of monstrous. First of all, the magistrates communicate with a local Brewers' Association, then they "insist" on a clause being inserted in all agreements binding the tenant or manager to charge a fixed price for his beers, and then the Head Constable sends out a circular to licensees in this form: "Sir,—It is reported to me that you sell beer at.....per pint for 'on' consumption. I write you about this matter in order that you may, if you so desire, be prepared with evidence in case it should in the future be necessary to bring the matter before the magistrates." We are simply astounded that the licensees should permit themselves to be handicapped in their business in this way. Under what power is it permissible for any Bench to fix for a tradesman the price at which he shall sell his goods? If they have a right to fix the price at which he shall sell, they have also the right to fix the price at which he shall buy; which is absurd. Under the present policy of the Licensing Magistrates and the Head Constable, Liverpool is no longer a free market. On the one hand, the effect is to destroy the "free" landlord; on the other, to cripple the tied tenant; in each case to the direct and immediate interest of those brewers who conduct their houses by their own managers and dictate the price of beer through the Licensing Magistrates and Head Constable. The grievance is certainly one for a test case.

Fox Hill Fires.

A soldier writes:—

> I should like to ask if, during the recent fire that occurred on Fox Hills, near to Ash Vale—when some thousands of soldiers were taken from Aldershot, and were working day and night for about five days extinguishing this fire, which proved to be a very dangerous job, owing to live cartridges among the heather, which would explode when the fire came in contact with them, and caused a few accidents to the troops—I should like to ask if the Government will give any extra pay to these fellows who, without the slightest fear, risked their lives in this most dangerous occupation, and will the Government compensate them for the clothing made unfit for wear on parade, etc.?

The answer is in the negative. The Workmen's Compensation Act does not apply to soldiers. Some day it may.

Cards on the Doorstep.

A few days ago a man complained to one of the Willesden magistrates that children came and played cards for money on his doorstep. What was he to do? "Cultivate a broader mind," was the reply. "I play cards with my children for small amounts. There is nothing very terrible about it." The point, however, is, does the magistrate play cards with his children on other people's doorsteps, and, if so, does he play for money or nuts?

What is Truth?

This is from the *Messenger*, issued in connection with Mount Zion Chapel, Sheffield. "The Mothers' Trip. Very early on Tuesday morning a little sparrow perched on my window frame and chirruped 'Mothers' trip!' 'Don't forget.' 'Fine day.' 'Get up.' Being so strongly urged I got up and by 8 o'clock was in the G.C.R. station. The sparrow was quite correct; it was the Mothers' Trip and it was a fine day." Whether the pastor who apparently writes this paragraph would succeed as a novelist is problematical; but undoubtedly he is a good hand at a short story.

Grateful and Comforting.

When Mr. Lloyd George wanted an officer of the London County Council for service on the Committee of Imperial and Local Taxation he was doubtless quite right in refusing to permit the wire-pullers of the Council to dictate to him as to the man he ought to want, but didn't. Probably in the result Mr. Haward, the Comptroller of the Council, would have done equally as well; possibly Mr. Lloyd George preferred Mr. Harper, not only because he had special knowledge, but because he was the brother-in-law of Mr. McKinnon Wood, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But the Council would not lend Mr. Harper, and this would have settled the matter if he had not immediately resigned his appointment as Statistical Officer of the Council at £1,100 a year in order to accept an honorary seat on the Government Committee. Naturally the wire-pullers marvelled, and one of them, being a member of the House, demanded to know whether Mr. Harper was to get as good or a better job under Government as a reward for his munificent self-sacrifice. "Mr. Harper has been promised nothing at all by the Government," said Mr. Lloyd George. As it is now announced that Mr. Harper has been appointed Chief Valuer to the Board of Inland Revenue, the saying, "Happy is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed," is apparently misleading. No doubt Mr. Harper deserves his new job, but it must be all the more grateful and comforting to him that it has come upon him so suddenly, as an unexpected blessing of a thoughtful Providence which provides even for the sparrows.

The Overworked Milkman.

Probably it is not in the purview of Mr. Burns's Milk Bill to do anything for the milkman. Yet it is the fact that the roundsman works 80 or 90 hours a week for the merest pittance—17s. to 20s. a week is the wage stated. There is a suspicion in the public mind that he makes a little extra out of the pump, but that may be a libel. In any case his wages and hours do constitute a grievance.

Fearful Crime at Berwick.

The Berwick magistrates have fined a Spittal refreshment-house keeper 15s., with the alternative of 14 days' imprisonment, for selling to a boy on Sunday sweets to be consumed off the premises. One wonders what he would have had to pay if he had sold the lad a bottle of pop.

Science and Thought.

What is telepathy? Some mysterious person has been advertising an offer of £1,000 for proof of its existence. He says he has done this as an exponent of "anti-spookery and because he is sure no proof will be forthcoming." But he does not say what he will consider satisfactory proof. Nor does he explain what connection necessarily exists between "spookery" and thought transference. If he admits the possibility of wireless telegraphy, why does he deny all scientific explanation of brain-waves? Surely all intelligent people read others' thoughts to a certain extent. In politics we call that the intelligent interpretation of public opinion.

Herbert Spencer on Party.

Those who will succumb to leadership—those who will merge their private opinions in the policy of their Party, of course have the preference. Men too independent for this, too far-seeing to join in the shibboleth of the hour, are shelved; notwithstanding that they are, above all others, fitted for office.—(*From "Representative Government."*)

NO POLICE STRIKE.

All fear of the Metropolitan bobby going on strike is dissipated by the increase of pay granted by Mr. Churchill, to whom it is rumoured the Force intend presently to erect a statue as a token of gratitude, the inscription to read as follows: "Winston Churchill, Home Secretary. He raised the Bobby's Wages Eighteen-pence." Except among the Labourals, Mr. Churchill is in danger of becoming the most popular Home Secretary of ancient or modern times. And that means real danger.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

A gentleman, recently released from Hanwell Asylum, sends us the following suggestion:—

> Why not organise a Band of Instrumentalists, composed entirely of cripples, and dress them in clothes and masks to represent members of the House of Commons? Why not open an Irish stew shop next to every Italian fried fish shop? Can't you see I've brains?

We'll think about the proposition. In the meantime we assure our friend that to our certain knowledge he has brains.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

A lady friend of ours says that the reason she calls her canine pet "Psalm" is because it is not a him!

FOOLING THE PUBLIC.

FALSE AND FRAUDULENT MISREPRESENTATION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The following extracts from the *Hackney Spectator* speak for themselves. We must introduce a Bill into Parliament to make the dissemination of such false news as the promoters of the meeting recently circulated a criminal offence. It only remains to be added that the meeting, such as it was, was held in *Central* Hackney!

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND SOUTH HACKNEY.

Whether it was due to the weather, lack of interest in political matters, or lack of sufficient advertisement, the fact remained that the Public Meeting at Devonshire Hall last night for the purpose of considering Mr. Bottomley's address to the electors of South Hackney was a wash out. At the outside there were not more than about 150 persons present. . . . . It was pointed out that there were a considerable number of Central Hackney people present. In accordance with this, the Chairman agreed to delete the reference to South Hackney Electors in the resolution, which left it at "This Meeting." This was a complete surrender of the position. If the meeting only consisted of 150 people, and when the vote was taken, according to the Chairman, 100 voted for the resolution, 10 against, and a considerable number did not vote at all; and, of the 100 voting, it is admitted by the organisers of the meeting themselves that a considerable proportion were outsiders with nothing to do with the Constituency, what on earth is left, and what the value of the resolution? . . . .Thus the whole thing was a fizzle, a wash out, a damp squib, and, although we give the promoters of the meeting the utmost credit for sincerity and honesty of purpose, it is quite clear that their efforts are quite unappreciated, and that the opinion of South Hackney has not yet been heard. . . . No! the whole thing was a failure, and if the anti-Bottomleyites want to impress outsiders they have to do more than get together about a hundred people from anywhere and everywhere to pass a hostile resolution with no weight behind it.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that: "Mr. Thomas Dowson (poultry judge) started for the show on a bicycle, and IT SHIED AT A MOTOR CAR *and landed him in a bunch of nettles by the roadside; at the next village he engaged a trap,"*

THE FEATHERED WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating in its report of the charge against the "Plymouth Spy" that: "The Bench declined to grant bail or to allow prisoner the use of the £*110 *which arrived after his* DEATH,"

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following description of a photographic reproduction: "A Jewish family having lost ALL *their belongings, make their escape from Tredegar with a* FEW TREASURED POSSESSIONS *wrapped up in a tablecloth,"*

THE DAILY SKETCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (in the "Southport Guardian") of Mr. G. Humphris, that: "Though severing his connection with Southport Brotherhoods it is his intention to HELP FORWARD *the movement in Berkshire, the county in which he is intending to settle down. It will be with* REGRET *many members will receive this intimation,"*

THE REV. G. H. MATTHEWS, M.A.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The python, which is the largest in captivity, fractured its PAW *when making a hearty meal,"*

THE LEICESTER DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "On Tuesday morning the rain seemed again to threaten, and THERE WAS A SLIGHT SHOWER, *but although the sky remained overcast,* THERE WAS NO RAIN,"

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Bishop Gore "was born in 1853 *and is a son of the Hon. Charles Alexander Gore and a* DAUGHTER *of the Fourth Earl of Bessborough,"*

THE DAILY DISPATCH (Manchester)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving the following result in its report of Messrs David Allen's Sports: "High Jump.—A. G. Jones, 4½ INCHES, 1; *H. L. Gregory,* 2½ INCHES, 2; *A. H. W. Beatty,* 2 INCHES, 3,"

THE OBSERVER (Harrow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (in a public notice in the "Rothesay Chronicle and Buteshire and West Coast Advertiser") that: "Parents who have children UNDER 5 *years of age* OR OVER *on that date, not yet at School, are required to enrol them on the opening day, Monday, 4th September,* 1911,"

MR. WILLIAM GRANT
(Clerk to the Rothesay (Burgh) School Board)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Evening Telegraph and Post," Dundee), in his presidential address to the Institute of Journalists, that: "The Institute of Journalists was now in possession of considerable funds, two-thirds of which had been laid aside for the care and maintenance of DECEASED *journalists,"*

MR. J. MITCHELL, J.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The Lowestoft herring-boat 'Doris' landed at Grimsby yesterday about 1,600 *fish, the result of the night's fishing. The herrings were sold during the day and realised £*212,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE "ABODE OF LOVE" AGAIN.

WE RESUME OUR EXPOSURES.—OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.—"BAIT" FOR SMYTH-PIGOTT.—THE LATEST "DOVE."

It is now close upon two years since we published our terrible indictment of the self-styled "Messiah"—the impostor Smyth-Pigott—and his "Abode of Love."

Our charges included:—

(1) Offences against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, by violating the persons of females under the age of 16.

(2) Rape.

(3) That he did by fraud and misrepresentations secure the betrayal of others of his "converts," telling them that he was the Almighty, and "that they could not sin."

(4) That by means of gross misrepresentation he had robbed his victims of thousands of pounds, converting the money to his own use.

(5) That he had been guilty of "blasphemy" in the most aggravated form by testifying in writing and by word of mouth that he was Almighty God and should be worshipped as such.

At the time of our indictment Smyth-Pigott was a "Priest in Holy Orders." Our exposure forced the hand of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and eventually the charlatan was "unfrocked." That certainly was one point gained. We also called upon the Home Secretary to step in and once for all stop the scandal. He did not do so. Perhaps he thought the lustful scoundrel had been punished sufficiently by being "unfrocked," and that the man would have the sense to clear out of the country.

Be that as it may, we determined to keep our eye on the "Abode." We felt convinced that the "Spaxton Messiah," so long as he was outside the prison gates, would continue to lead his lustful life, and to decoy stupid and hysterical women into his "fold." No doubt it will be said that we have been a long time in publishing additional evidence. But we must point out that after our exposure the astute Smyth-Pigott did clear out of the country, bolting and barring the gates of the "Abode of Love." However, by patiently watching and waiting, we have been able to accomplish our task, and when our supplementary evidence is before the public, perhaps they will see that the Public Prosecutor takes action.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

When you gave me orders—(now close upon two years ago)—to continue my investigations *re* Smyth-Pigott, I proceeded to Spaxton. On arrival there I found "the bird had flown." He had cleared off to Norway, where he runs another "Abode of Love."

The gates of the Agapemone were bolted, and there was no response to my repeated knocks. Even the "faithful" in the village, who had hitherto been allowed to attend the sect's church services, were excluded. The hundred odd females, and the three males in the harem, had voluntarily made themselves prisoners.

For several days I remained in the vicinity, then wearying of waiting I retired, not, however, before I had entered into arrangements to be kept regularly informed of all that transpired in the "Abode."

Week after week, and month after month, reports reached me, and they were always the same: "Nothing fresh, place closed, the 'Master' reported to be away." I began to think that the wily scoundrel had indeed "cleared" for good. Then it occurred to my mind that the wanderer, after all, might have surreptitiously returned—so once more I paid a personal visit to Spaxton and called at the "Abode."

SMYTH-PIGOTT NOT AN ELECTOR.

With a pencil stuck in my ear, and a book held under my arm, to represent a voting canvasser, I gave a rat-tat at the gate. To my astonishment it was immediately opened by an aged gardener. I enquired for Smyth-Pigott, I was told to wait, and the gate was immediately closed. After a few minutes, there appeared an elderly gentleman, who, I understand, was one Edward Douglas Malcolmson Hamilton, the Secretary of the harem. When I informed him that I had called to enquire about Smyth-Pigott's vote he smiled.

"The 'Master' is not concerned about votes," said the Scotchman. As he closed the gate in my face he added, "I am responsible for registering the Agapemone votes: look at your register."

I retired as gracefully as I could. Of course, the Scotchman had spoken the truth. The "Master" is not on the register. He was acting up to his declaration, "I am not of this world: I am the Messiah," and a Messiah on the voting register is, of course, unthinkable.

I ENLIST THE SERVICES OF A CHARMING YOUNG LADY.

Defeated for the time being, I left Spaxton, taking with me my assistant, and as we drove along the six miles of country road to Bridgwater station, turned over in my mind various methods by which my efforts might be made more successful.

There are many worshippers of Smyth-Pigott who do not reside in the "Abode." It is not from choice that they live outside its gates, but because of lack of the necessary money qualification. While at Spaxton I met one of these. She was a lady of some sixty years of age. She was the widow of a grocer who had left her comfortably off, but her income was not sufficient to admit her to live permanently at the "Abode." She was childless, and in course of conversation I learnt that this was her greatest grief. She had, however, been made one of the "Messiah's" brides in the world that is to come, where she was told rejuvenation would take place, and she would appear in the prime of womanhood, and bear children for the "Master"—"My Beloved" she called him.

Incidentally, I may mention that this silly old lady is a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and it is probably owing to this fact that I am able to supply the Home Secretary and the general public with additional evidence of the doings at Spaxton.

THE LATEST "DOVE."

When one goes fishing, one must use the proper sort of bait. After eighteen months' work I had now ascertained that if I wished to land Smyth-Pigott in my net, there were only two kinds of bait he would nibble at—money and woman. I could not comply with these conditions, but I decided to find a "novitiate" sufficiently attractive to arouse the man's curiosity and sufficiently self-willed to resist his blandishments. I remembered that during my investigations into the Nursing Home scandals I had met, in one of the few well-conducted establishments, just such an assistant as I required—and after some trouble I discovered her whereabouts. Of this lady more anon. Suffice it for the moment to say that with her professional aid, I soon succeeded in establishing a close friendship with the rheumatic old lady, who found a course of massage very beneficial to her complaint, and ultimately became a valuable ally in helping me to penetrate the mysteries of the Agapemone—where I made the acquaintance of "Sister Ruth's" latest contribution to its population—"the sweetest little dove which ever entered the Abode."

I shall reproduce the certificate of birth of this little Agapemonite, together with other interesting documents. I shall give an account of an interview with the mother; of a morning swim with some of the other "spiritual wives"; of the adventures of my *masseuse* friend, and of the means by which the rheumatic old lady was induced to part with the bulk of her little fortune. And I shall again call on the Public Prosecutor to tackle this arch-humbug.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL SCANDALS.

HARD FACTS AND SOFT JOBS.

We have before us a copy of the report of the fifty-second half-yearly meeting of shareholders of the Manchester Ship Canal. In it we are told that the total "profit" for the half year was £143,384; but every penny went to pay interest on loans and "prior charges." There is no doubt that, but for strikes and other adverse circumstances, the "profit" would have been more. The report of the directors was taken as read, and the precise amount invested in the undertaking is not mentioned in the account of the meeting, but it is perfectly safe to put it down as over seventeen millions of money. The tales of ruin of some of those sanguine people who originally invested their ten millions would probably outstrip in their intensity any romance of sorrow ever written. Manchester simply went mad over the project which was to wipe Liverpool off the map, and poor folks with savings were so encouraged to invest their earnings that they even mortgaged their businesses to share in the venture. Criticism in the least degree of the Canal management is resented, and the reticence of the Manchester Press is not wholly creditable. Plain, wholesome, useful truths—intended to benefit—which may appear in the shipping papers are ignored; but home-written "fairy tales," in the form of leading articles, are common enough. It is pitiful, nevertheless, to stand on, say, Barton Bridge, and see how few and far between are the large steamers passing up or down. Manchester is many feet above the sea and the large number of locks means ridiculously slow going. Not long ago a surprising return of the relationship of civic officials to city councillors and aldermen was prepared, and it is thought that a document giving particulars of the why and wherefore of the appointment of many Ship Canal officials would open the eyes of a good many people. In private ventures the highest qualification is essential ere a man is appointed to a responsible position, and if that plan were adopted with corporations, municipal trading would not be so costly and extravagant as it is. We notice that at the meeting we are now referring to a Mr. Gritton said it had been complained that there was a great deal of waste in connection with the Ship Canal management, and it seemed to him that there was plenty of room for economising. "To put it bluntly, there were men who had got very 'soft jobs.'" He moved that a committee of, say, half-a-dozen be appointed on behalf of the shareholders to ascertain whether the Ship Canal was being worked on the most economical lines so far as the officials were concerned. We do not vouch for the truth of the story, but it is said that some are men so ignorant of nautical affairs and requirements that they speak of the "head" or the "tail" of the vessels. A Mr. Thorpe seconded the proposal, and reminded the meeting that the directors took something like £100 a week, that the Corporation took all the interest, and that the shareholders—like Mother Hubbard's dog—got none. The Chairman platitudinously said that the greater the inquiry the greater would be the revelation of efficiency, and as for "soft jobs"—perish the thought. We hope the Chairman is right; but he knew the company he was in and that opposition would surely be resented by them. The Manchester Corporation has eleven paid directors on the Ship Canal—all of whom have been appointed because of their partisan politics. If a Conservative director dies, a Conservative director is appointed, and the same, of course, with the Radicals. Only in July last the deputy leader of the Conservative party proposed, and the leader of the Radical party seconded, a certain nomination; protest against political appointments to Ship Canal directorships was entered, but received scant support, although it was urged that every effort should be made at each vacancy to secure the very best all-round man. The same old game: political councillors appointed to their committees by a political committee, political magistrates, political—— But why continue the list? Yet, "O, the pity on't!"

"TABLOID TALES."

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE OLD HARPER.

By RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN ONE MAN IS WANTED AND ANOTHER IS NOT.

Now, it happened that the Ruler of the Roost in the Palace of Eastminster was arranging some new plans anent the governaunce of the State, and desired the services of an expert who should be a past-master in the art of pulling the wires, for it was necessary in the furtherance of his manifold schemes that rough places should be smoothed over, and all made to ring true like harmony, even where harmony was not.

Now, there was a certain cute and knowing harpist or Harper, who, being familiar with his instrument, the harp, knew all about pulling the wires, if anybody did. What he did not know, it was averred by the pundits, was scarce worth knowing. He was in a word, up to snuff.

Now, this old and cunning Harper was a highly-paid and valued servant in the employment of the Ell-See-See, a body controlling vast interests in the Realm, and upon him was much store set.

And so there was consternation and dismay when George, the Ruler of the Roost afore-mentioned, applied that the services of the said Harper, should be transferred, licensed, or hypothecated to him for some indefinite period, saying he knew him to be a clever wire-puller, also that he was nearly related by marriage to one of the people of the Roost, and that he was, therefore, incomparably the man for the job, using the word in its best sense.

The Ell-See-See, in despair at the prospect of losing their artist, proferred another professional person of whom they did not think quite so much, saying this was the real It, this was the man who would be most useful to George, for he knew all the ropes.

Whereon the said Ruler rejoined that he did not want a bell-ringer. What he wanted was the Harper.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN THE HARPER TAKETH HIS HOOK.

Now the Ell-See-See did put its foot down firm, and said, "We will not let our Harper go." The Roosters remarked that this was all sheer spite, but that made no odds; the Harper got the straight griffin that he was not to be let out on the hire system.

And the Councillors grinned, and tickled each other, and waxed exceedingly merry, saying, "George is in a hole, and we won't get him out of it. He shall have none of the man he wants; the man is ours and we have the grip on him."

It was then the thunderbolt fell. The cunning Harper left without giving a week's notice, leaving his boxes behind, and without even asking for a character.

And George welcomed him with brotherly love, and said, "Come to my arms; but, remember, you won't get twopence out of me."

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN METHINKS THEY DO PROTEST TOO MUCH.

There was a great outcry and an uproar in the land. And people who write in the papers, and people who prate in Parliament, shrieked aloud, saying it was bribery and corruption, and a job of the *n*th magnitude.

And the Ell-See-See tore their beards and lamented in the public places, and were sore afraid the end of all things was at hand.

And George arose in his indignation and spoke as only he can speak, and said it was scandalous and infamous, and a lot more things like that, that he should be charged with tempting or bribing the Harper. And he and his did publicly avow and declare that the old Harper had been promised nothing for deserting his post, and that under no consideration whatever would anything whatever be given him either then or at any time thereafter.

And the Harper said he had received nothing, he had been promised nothing, and he expected nothing, while, if anything were offered him, he would not accept it.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Therefore not a body was one whit surprised when, after the lapse of a few decent months, it was publicly promulgated that the said Harper had been given and allotted a snug and cosy corner all to himself at a fat salary, bigger than he had received before. He now plays his harp for the benefit of the Roosters, instead of his old masters, and makes much fine music. And it is generally recognised that the musician is worthy of his hire, but they need not have made such a song about it.

KEIR HARDIE EXPOSED—II.

OPINIONS OF REAL LABOUR LEADERS—HIS VIEWS ON THE FRANCHISE.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Let me now give the views entertained of Hardie by some of the genuine leaders of labour. I start with the late Mr. Broadhurst :—

> Keir Hardie has tried to teach us our political duties and our duties to Trade Unionism. *How long has he been the apostle of purity in elections?* I am not aware that he has made any sacrifices in the great Labour movement. *I would rather trust to the vote of an honest Liberal than to the vote of Keir Hardie on Labour or any other questions. We have seen the tools of the Tory Party before to-day in the guise of Labour representatives.*

Pretty strong language that, think you not, from one of the most trusted of Labour representatives?

Now let us see what John Burns—the old John Burns—said of his colleague in the Labour movement :—

> I denounce him as an arrant fraud who in the name of Independent Labour is going about the country doing everything to disintegrate Labour and Trade Unionism.

And now let Mr. W. H. Massingham, who was at that time editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, have a say :—

> A Party, without funds, without stability, without even a consistent programme. Its leader, Keir Hardie, never a force in Trades Unionism, has neither tact nor economic knowledge, neither possesses, nor has ever practised, Parliamentary policy.

And what was the opinion of that genuine old Labour worker, the late George Howell? This is what he wrote me during my *Sun* exposures of Hardie :—

> I am glad to see that you have had the pluck to expose the huge political conspiracy, called the I.L.P.—not huge in its proportions, but in its flaunting assumptions and *intolerable hypocrisy and deceit. . . . That the funds do not come from the poor dupes who follow this so-called leader is obvious. . . . Where does the money come from? Who is it that hires and pays?* You are doing a service to Labour and to political progress in this exposure. The *cant, hypocrisy, deceit and hateful calumnies of the notorious I.L.P. are simply sickening and disgusting.*

I think that will do to go on with. But there are plenty of others.

Hardie and the Liberal Party.

It will be remembered that last week I quoted Hardie as endorsing the advice (I think I inadvertently said he actually gave it) to I.L.P. members to get into Liberal Associations with the object of causing dissension and faction—"our policy being to end the Liberal Party, not to mend it." Will it be believed that in the face of this he actually told the electors of Mid-Lanark :—

> I adopt in its entirety the Liberal programme on all questions of general politics. I would vote with the Liberal Party, *to which I have all my life belonged.*

Let us follow this matter a little further. I find Hardie openly avowing his willingness to accept subscriptions from the Tory Party. This is what he said :—

> I will take money from whatever source it comes—*and no questions will be asked.* It may be said that the Conservatives will finance the Party *for their own advantage. With that we have no concern.*

Then after the Conservative defeat of 1892 I find Hardie being asked: "Suppose the Conservatives tried to use your Labour Party, would the attempt be effective?" And here is the reply: "I think they COULD use it. They might come out at the next election with a programme of social and labour legislation and pit that *against the Liberal programme of Home Rule and what I may call political reforms.*" Was there ever deeper cynicism and humbug in political life? It will be interesting to see what attitude Hardie will now adopt towards Home Rule! As to "political reforms," here is a declaration of faith which should be of interest to the working classes.

Hardie on the Franchise.

Let it be remembered that it is one of the planks of the present Liberal policy to abolish plural voting and to establish the system of "one man, one vote." Well, what did Hardie say about this (when seeking subscriptions from "any source")? "*I do not think that these political reforms—'one man, one vote,' for instance—would be of enormous benefit to the Labour movement. By giving the franchise more effective power I can conceive its being very disadvantageous to the Labour movement.*"

There's a democrat, for you! There's a faithful Liberal, to which Party he had "all his life belonged"! But let him expound his view about the vote :—

> "One man one vote" necessarily means a vote for every man—that is its logical corollary; it is not the limited number of votes at the present time which prevents Labour candidates being returned, but the ignorance of the electors. As Carlyle says, in effect, to multiply one fool by a million is not to make wise men; and the classes of men would be admitted to the electorate would be the class most susceptible to "influence." *I would rather have a limited electorate of intelligent, sober and educated men, than a larger number who didn't understand even the elements of political science,* and who by reason of the condition of their lives were precluded from giving the attention to social and political matters which is demanded of the citizen.

And this is the man who is chosen by the people of Merthyr to represent them in Parliament—Merthyr, which about forty years ago, rejected Mr. Bruce (Lord Aberdare) because he would not support the Ballot Act! And it is to Hardie that the Suffragettes look as one of their chief champions—a *rôle* which flatters his vanity to the top of his bent. I have seen him, in the House of Commons, red and white in the face, when cross-examining the Home Secretary on the forced feeding of an imprisoned female—and fast asleep when the feeding of poor school children was under discussion!

Hardie and the Tories.

I have shown the advice given by Hardie to the Tories, after their defeat in 1892—to "come out with a programme of social and labour legislation and pit that against the Liberal programme of Home Rule and political reforms." And it is clear that the compact was made. Funds came into Hardie's hands, and at the 1895 election, with such a Tory programme before the country, he put up no less than thirty candidates—*not one of whom was returned.* But fourteen of them polled sufficient votes to secure the defeat of the Liberal; six by splitting the Labour Party occasioned a further loss of six Liberal seats; six more endangered Liberal seats, and four opposed Liberals. *No candidate opposed a Conservative.*

Can it be wondered at that about this time Hardie received a crushing rebuke at the Cardiff Trades Union Congress, and that the *Cardiff Express* printed a cartoon depicting the President administering a horse-whipping to him; or that "F. C. G.," the famous *Westminster Gazette* cartoonist, represented him, on his election to Parliament, being effusively received by that crusted old Tory the late Sir Howard Vincent?

We will return to Cur Hardie next week.

"ASYLUMS AND ASSAULTS."

ANOTHER COMPLAINT.

We have received the following letter:—

I trust that the good work you are doing in exposing the abuses which have, I believe, been going on for years in asylums, both public and private, may result in better protection being afforded to their unfortunate and helpless inmates. I can tell you of an experience I had of a private asylum some years ago which has left a very strong impression on my mind that there ought to be, apart from the Commissioners, an independent body (preferably composed of intelligent women, or at least partly so) who could pay surprise visits to our asylums and see that the helpless creatures confined in them were being properly and kindly treated.

The experience I had is a long tale, but I will try and put it before you in as few words as possible. A relative of my own was, on the advice of the doctor attending him, removed to a private asylum, as he refused to take food and was consequently in danger of dying from exhaustion. He had never shown signs of insanity before, nor was he, to all appearances, insane when removed, but he absolutely refused to take food, and to save his life his friends (wrongly, as I now believe) allowed him to be moved to an asylum kept by a doctor, whose lowest terms were, I believe, about five guineas a week.

After his removal he was forcibly fed, and recovered to a certain extent, but his relatives were not allowed to see him for some time. When at last, after repeated applications, I was allowed to see him for a few minutes, I was shocked by his hunted, frightened look—he appeared terrified and spoke in a very low tone as if fearful of being overheard. He was quite sane and rational and told me that he had been treated with great brutality, and that once on getting up at night he was savagely struck by the attendant. He also complained of great force and brutality being used to him when forcibly fed, and that his front teeth were all broken in consequence; he showed me his teeth in confirmation of this, and I saw that, as he had said, they were all broken in front, whereas when he went to the asylum they were perfect.

I was so shocked by this and by the fear and terror he showed towards the doctor and attendants that I strongly urged his father to have him home at once, as he was clearly being treated cruelly. This he consented to do, but on writing to the doctor in charge to this effect he absolutely refused to allow him out and said he was dangerous and had suicidal mania. This assertion was subsequently proved to be untrue as, when he was removed to another asylum, which was conducted on more humane principles, he was at once allowed out on parole practically all day, and was discharged by the Commissioners the first time they saw him.

It was significant that the doctor at the first asylum insisted upon sending down with him two attendants when he was removed, as he asserted that he was dangerous, and yet the first day of his arrival at the new asylum he was allowed out freely on parole all day, and the doctor in charge, who was evidently more humane and honest, informed his relatives that he was quite sane, and safe to go about.

Whilst my unfortunate relative was at the asylum where he was so brutally treated a patient escaped and drowned himself in a pool, but everything that went on appeared to be kept quieter, so far as I could see, than was desirable in the interests of justice. From the experience I have had of private asylums I think that it should be made impossible for anyone, as was the case with the doctor who kept this asylum, to have a direct pecuniary interest in keeping a patient and depriving him of his liberty, and also that the light of day should be thrown upon these places by an independent and humane visiting committee who could, by means of surprise visits, see that the insane, and all those who are confined in public or private asylums are treated with kindness and consideration.

Our correspondent's suggestions seem to us to deserve consideration.

BRAVO, "MRS. BULL"!

Here are a few extracts from letters recently received by *Mrs. Bull*. Mrs. E. C., of Snodland, Kent, sends thanks "for splendid help in getting three little children placed in homes." She has "a great load lifted from her mind." Mrs. M. F., of Selsey Bill, Sussex, thanks *Mrs. Bull* for inserting her case, with the result that "a lady has adopted her little daughter and is bringing her up as her own." Mrs. C., of Harlesden, says that by similar means "Mrs. Ellison, of Leyton, has adopted her little boy and has been most kind to her"; and Mrs. M. E. T., of Deptford, says she wrote for a Fairy Godmother for her two little boys, one a cripple, "and I must ask you, through your paper, to thank the Fairy Godmother who came forth and offered my darling little cripple boy two or three weeks' holiday." Again we say, "Bravo, *Mrs. Bull!*"

THE KING'S PROCTOR.

HARRYING POOR PETITIONERS.

In our issue of January 8th, 1910, we commented on th official, and since then we have had many complaints his procedure. We have before us one of these complaint written by a lady who recently obtained a decree *ni* against her husband, and will shortly apply to have it mad absolute. There was no suggestion at the trial that t lady had been guilty of misconduct, or that her behavio in any way warranted its suggestion; indeed, to do hi justice, the husband made no allegation of misconduc and the case was undefended. Since then the wife h been living a very quiet life in apartments with her son, an it would be difficult to imagine a case that offered le justification for interference on the part of the Kin Proctor, or his agents. And yet the lady assures us th she has been constantly annoyed by a man making e quiries about her among her neighbours and tradespeop He will not go to the landlady, although he has been referr to her by the persons of whom he has made enquiries, b prefers to ask each of them not to let the lady know th he has been making an investigation. As she write in th letter before us, "such enquiries are sufficient to brin suspicion in any one's mind that I am not quite what ought to be, and they do not give me a chance to vindica myself."

The solicitor who represents the lady who has been mad the victim of this espionage wrote to the King's Procto to protest against it. "I consider it," he wrote, " scandal that enquiries should be made in this way, and hope that your department can repudiate any responsibilit for them." The King's Proctor could do nothing of th kind. "I am satisfied," he wrote under date August 28th "as to the manner in which the enquiries are being co ducted by the solicitor who is acting as my agent." would be interesting to know what steps the King's Procto has taken to satisfy himself that these investigatio is ar properly conducted; but what we want to know also is why are these enquiries made at all?

The solicitor acting for the lady concerned had a goo deal to do with the appointment of the recent Divorc Commission, and does not hesitate to say these e quiries are limited to the cases of comparatively poor an humble people, that they are carried on because the King Proctor has to show something in the way of work t justify the continuance of his office, and that they ar rarely undertaken in the case of the rich. The solicito goes further than this, and asserts that when rich peopl are concerned he deliberately omits enquiries that ough to be made. The solicitor, speaking from his own know ledge, tells us of the case of an evil living woman whos whole record, as shown since divorce proceedings wer taken, should have satisfied the King's Proctor that she if anybody, ought to have been watched before the decre *nisi* was made absolute, but she was left unmolested.

It was not until 1860 that the King's Proctor was give powers to intervene in divorce proceedings in order t prevent collusion and the concealment of material fact from the Court. Up to then there was no distinctio between the decree *nisi* and the decree absolute. As matter of fact the King's Proctor never interferes t allege collusion, which is very difficult to prove, unless th parties are either very indiscreet, or cannot afford goo legal advice. What he does is to spend his time in tryin to prevent the petitioning party getting a divorce by prov ing that such party has been guilty of a matrimonia offence. This may or may not be desirable, but if i is necessary in the case of the poor and humble it is no less necessary in the case of the rich and the influential.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

GRIEVANCES OF CHORISTERS.

We have had further visits and complaints from youn ladies who have been engaged for the chorus at the Oper House, Kingsway, and who have now been notified tha their services will not be required, although there is n suggestion of incompetence. We are informed that M Oscar Hammerstein has sent over to America to get som of the chorus girls he had there, and to whom he is said to have paid £1 a week.

SHOULD THE KING GO TO INDIA?

"Throughout wide provinces in the North and West of India the monsoon has more or less failed; the crops are withering, and there is reason to fear that another Indian famine is approaching, with all its horrors."—Sir W. Wedderburn, September 1st.

Without Precedent.

It may well be doubted whether any action for which the present Administration is responsible is less defensible than the advice tendered by the Prime Minister to the King in the matter of the coming Coronation at Delhi. It was natural that the imagination of the King, who attaches exceptional importance to the Over-seas Dominions, should have been fired by the suggestion of his Coronation on the spot where the last Emperor of Hindustan rode forth to his final battle. But statesmen whose duty it is to advise Sovereigns have to take wide views, and sometimes to dissuade where it would be pleasanter to approve. For more than eight hundred years no King of England has been further away from these shores than a few days' call. We do not rely over much upon precedents in this matter. We are over fond in this country of being bound and tied by precedents. If there is no precedent it is sometimes well to make one, and the mere fact that no King of England has for so long been outside Europe is not in itself an unanswerable objection to King George breaking the rule. The present situation must be judged upon its merits.

A Risky Experiment.

It must be plain to anyone who gives attention to the subject that it would be a very risky experiment for the King to travel to the other side of the world, where it would take him at least a month to get back again, and obviously it would only be possible for him to do so when, so far as human prescience can discern, there is no likelihood of a great European war. But how was it possible for the Prime Minister, or anybody else, to say at the beginning of the present year—that is, when he gave his advice to the King on his visit to India—that Europe would be at peace at the end of 1911? As a matter of fact, the European situation last January was one to warrant anxiety. The Near East was in ferment, the Morocco trouble was becoming acute, and in other directions the clouds were lowering. Since then the outlook has not improved, and he would indeed be a sanguine man who said with confidence that serious European complications are not possible before the end of 1911. In these circumstances, it is amazing that the Prime Minister should have accepted the responsibility of acquiescing in the absence of the Sovereign from these islands for a period of at least three months.

An Inopportune Time.

It would be bad enough if the objections to the Indian visit ended here, but from the Indian point of view it is as inopportune and undesirable as from our own. We can quite understand that the men responsible for the government of India may see considerable advantages to be derived from the visit of the King-Emperor at an opportune time, but no time could be less opportune than the present.

Plague and Famine.

India is faced by one of those terrible famines, due to the lack of rain, which bring misery to the people, and strain the resources of the Indian Government to the uttermost. An enormous area of the Indian peninsula is threatened with the spectre of hunger. Part of the Punjab and of the Central Provinces, the plain of the Upper Ganges, Rajputana and Gwalior, the progressive native state of Scindia—all these vast territories, with a population as dense as that of England and Germany, and an area as large as Central Europe, are affected by the drought, and, as if that were not enough, the plague that has been ravaging the country for years past is still levying toll upon hundreds and thousands of the people. It seems possible that all the resources of the Indian Government will be needed to successfully grapple with the consequences of the drought, and to save the lives threatened with starvation.

The Transport Difficulty.

We asked a leading official of the railway department, who happens to be in this country at the present time, whether the Durbar would affect very seriously the part that his department will be called upon to play if the threatened famine becomes a fact, and this is his answer:—

> The Durbar will mean that, even with the restricted number of troops as announced in to-day's telegram from Simla, one-sixth of the railway system in the threatened area will be blocked from October until the end of the present year by the requirements of Delhi. This means, of course, minus one-sixth of the relief preparation.

Is It Too Late to Reconsider?

We do not know whether it is too late to reconsider this ill-advised Delhi ceremony and to abandon it. We only re-echo the best Indian opinion when we say that if it could be done it ought to be done, otherwise the most brilliant pageant which perhaps the world has ever seen may be followed by a lurid background of misery and desolation.

The Better Way.

How much better would it be, how much more thoroughly Imperial and statesmanlike, if the King-Emperor were to decree that the million or more to be expended upon the coming Delhi Coronation ceremony be offered for some useful purposes connected with the welfare of the people of India, instead of spending it on the Durbar. We say nothing of the enormous sums to be spent by the Indian princes, all, be it remembered, to be paid for from the penury and distress of the ever-struggling little tiller of the soil. If the Viceroy were to announce in the time-honoured old fashion, throughout the villages of the threatened territories, that the King-Emperor intended to grant the spending of a million for measures that would be of benefit to the tillers of the soil—if, for example, His Majesty were to order that this million should be used as a nucleus for such purposes as the improvement of agricultural education, the institution of an agricultural fund to aid and free the ryots from the meshes of the moneylender, and the formation of a special department for manufactures and a system of agricultural training that would relieve a large portion of the ever rapidly increasing population from its grip upon the land, how much better it would be than an immense expenditure upon a ceremonial which, with things as they are likely to be, can only be carried through at terrible cost to the well-being of a considerable section of the people of India.

Surely the King himself would approve some such course as that which we have suggested—namely, that the Coronation ceremonies should be dispensed with. There are, of course, serious difficulties in the way of the abandonment of the Durbar, but they are as nothing compared with the objections to holding it where men are fighting with famine to preserve bare life. Nor would it be easy to exaggerate the good effect upon India of the King's decision to devote the money now intended to be spent upon the Coronation ceremonies to a scheme or schemes for the benefit of the harassed ryot.

IS IT REASONABLE?

A PECULIAR CLAIM BY THE WAR OFFICE.

Complaint has been made to us by an ex-soldier, late of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who draws a pension of 7s. a week. In 1907 this man had an Affiliation Order made against him for the usual 5s. a week. Payments fell into arrears owing, as he says, to his being out of work, and the woman in whose favour the Order was made summoned him for arrears amounting to £9 5s. In default of payment he was sent to prison for two months.

So far there is nothing to be said. If a man brings children into the world, whether on the right side of the blanket or the other, he must support them, and if he fails to do so he should not grumble if he is punished. But the complaint of this ex-Guardsman is that from the day of the conviction until his sentence had expired his pension was stopped. It is true that, at the instance of a clergyman who represented to the authorities that the wife of the man was quite destitute, and was about to have a child (it was born on August 16th), the military authorities consented to pay the wife one-half of the two months' pension, but this was an act of grace, and they claim the right to forfeit the whole under article 1131 of the Royal Pay Warrant, 1909.

We do not question the legality of the action of the military authorities, but surely it was very unnecessary to stop the pension whilst the man was in gaol. How was his wife to live? Whilst the man was in prison the 5s. was running on all the time, although of course he was unable to earn a penny piece. As a matter of fact, on the day that he came out of gaol the woman summoned him before Mr. Horace Smith for the eight weeks' money that had accrued whilst he was in prison. Well might the magistrate say to the woman—who, by the way, is now married and in no way in want—"you do not give the man a chance." And upon what ground do the authorities justify the stoppage of the pension? The punishment meted out to the man for failure to keep up his payments was two months' imprisonment; that imprisonment he has served, and in serving has purged himself. Why should he have to bear the additional and very heavy punishment of having his pension stopped, and that at a time when his young wife was in exceptional need of it, and had nothing even to live upon?

THE STOLEN DUBLIN CASTLE JEWELS.

AGAIN IN REGULAR USE.

Two years ago JOHN BULL stated, and it was never contradicted, that the jewels stolen from Dublin Castle were worn at the investiture of the Earl of Granard. "If you see it in JOHN BULL"——etc. We are now informed, on authority that leaves nothing to be desired, that the baubles were again worn at the recent double investiture when his Majesty was on his Irish visit. It is useless to ask in the House where the jewels were found and by whom they were hypothecated. We were in a position to know all the main facts of how they were taken from the Castle, where they were found, by whom the money was supplied for their release, and the double reward—it was to have been a triple reward if Lord Aberdeen had retired—given to the millionaire who paid for the release. The Dublin Castle officials who are in the know have been told to inform inquirers that the set of jewels is a replica recently turned out; but that story "will not work." It will be remembered that when the scandal was fresh and the newspapers were inquiring, the detectives announced that they *knew* the jewels were intact, probably forgetting that the statement was tantamount to an admission that they knew where they were, which they did. Meantime, the Dreyfus of the case, Sir Arthur Vicars, is left by the Government on his Devil's Island, and Nemesis has overtaken several persons whose names were prominently mentioned during the so-called trial. One of them, at least, having fallen on evil times, is hawking around for sale a mass of correspondence that passed between himself and his friends some years ago. It might have been interesting to newspaper readers when the case was fresh; but it is useless from the editorial point of view now.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—CLVIII.

THE APPEAL OF A FATHER WITH INVALID DAUGHTER.

We have received a letter from a correspondent, who asks our charitable readers to be of assistance to the father and daughter to whom he makes reference, and whom he describes as "hard-working and strictly honest, and simply victims of continuous misfortunes." The fact that the Charity Organisation Society has in the past rendered these two unfortunate people substantial help is in itself a guarantee that they deserve aid, and we may add that our own special enquiries support the belief that the father and daughter are entirely deserving of assistance:—

> The father is a clerk by profession, aged 52, but has had practically no work for the last 2 years. His daughter, with whom he lives, is a dressmaker, and has been the main support for a very long time. In the early part of this year the man's wife died, after 3 months' illness, and during this time of distress—mainly through the interest of the local clergyman—the Charity Organisation Society helped them considerably. The husband and daughter, however, had to nearly starve in order to give the wife as much as possible. The daughter has now been seized with a poisoned mouth, and is very seriously ill, and they have absolutely nothing coming in at all. Another married daughter has helped them considerably, but her husband is now out of work, and therefore no help can come from this source.
>
> The Charity Organisation Society has been applied to again, but they said that they must sell what is left of their home—a lot of it has already gone—though they must keep a respectable room for the daughter's customers to come into.
>
> The man would be glad to get any work, no matter what, and his daughter later on, when she gets strong enough, would take any dressmaking orders.
>
> Meanwhile they require a little help to keep them going.
>
> The father has had a good mercantile career and can give excellent references.
>
> I can assure you that this is a case where just a little help quickly given will save both of these poor people from untold misery.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLVI.—A. B., 5s.; "A Private Holder," 1s. 6d.; W. P., 1s.

CLVII.—A. B., 5s.; J. K. C., £2 10s.; "Eric," 5s.; H. W. B. 2s.; H. G. S., 2s.; "Argentum," 1s.; "Church Stretton," 10s.; A. E. R., 2s. 6d.; R. McG., 1s.; A. M. J., 1s.; J. J. J., 3s.; "Old Tory," 3s.; "Jaceson," 10s.; "Honest Freemason," 5s.

LETTERS WE HOPE TO RECEIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL."

DEAR SIR,—When Parliament re-assembles you will notice a marked alteration in my demeanour. Hitherto, I have been far too prone to lose my self-control in the heat of debate on any question that moves me deeply. But I am taking advantage of the recess to practise self-restraint, and am in hopes that the course of exercises I am assiduously performing will have satisfactory results.

I believe you will agree that the method I am adopting, with the idea of strengthening my self-control, is unique. I have enlisted the services of several friends, who have undertaken to subject me to an hour's abuse and biting criticism every morning and evening during the recess. I have authorised them to spare me not at all, even giving them liberty to let themselves go on the delicate subject of my personal appearance. It has surprised me to find with what enthusiasm they have entered into the spirit of the thing. My part is to sit still and smile under the storm of their invective, ridicule, and sarcasm. If, stung beyond endurance, I so far forget myself as to retort, I forfeit half-a-guinea to the successful baiter.

Such a term as traitor, which I have been roundly denounced for using in the House of Commons, is an expression of endearment compared with the epithets which I have to endure from my friends. I feel already that my brilliant plan is bearing fruit. Next session, therefore, expect to find me the mildest mannered man who ever shouted "'Vide!"

Yours, etc.,
HUGH CECIL.

A LOAFER AND THE STRIKE.

By Bill Minnis.

As he trottid down the path and out of the orspitul gates a oldin of his missisis arm I cud see at a glarnse he'd bin at it agen. Face an 'ed all bandiged in yards of garter stuff, and tide under his face soze he cudnt wag his chin, he warnt arf a pictur I give yer my werd.

"Wot's up, Joe," I sez, and he pinted his thum at the missis and rolled his nappur as if he wantid to see if it woz still thare.

"Don't keep a good thing all to yerself, Maryann," I sez, "chuck it out." So we went to the "Dog" for a drop ov sumthink wet.

"It's all on akount of the strike," she sez, wipin the portur mark orf ov her chin.

"So I can see wiv arf a heye," sez me, and evun Joe's jaw wagguled a bit at that, as I aint used to jokin and it took him short in the breff.

"It's like this hear," she sez. "You knows Joe woz out o' work fer munths till he got a job on the raleway at Kentish Town larst May, and thenkful I woz wen he found reglar graft wiv arf the 'ouse up the spowt. Satdey nites av *bin* Satdey nites till a fortnit sense, when Joe comes 'ome at midnite rollin drunk wiv no money, and me and the kids wot wornt in bed a waiting to go to the picturs, wiv tride fish and taters in me 'and bag.

"'Wot do you meen comin ome at this unerthly hour and in this stait?' I sez. 'Pickits,' sez Joe. 'Wot's her other name the brazun uzzy,' I sez, and then afore I cud say nife he pushed me agen the chester draws, and told me to shet up as he woz a going to do sum talkin fer a change. And sech talk, all about smash the carts, bust up the raleways, no more slavury, rites of man, tillit (beg pardon) made me pinch meself to see I warnt dreemin. 'To cut it short, I'm on strike,' he sez, and fell on the close orse wot ad got all our Sundey things on a hairin, and him wiv ands and boots as black as a tinker a mawlin me lingeree in the most importunt parts—jest my luck.

"Well, that put the tin hat on, so I took me bonnit and shawl off, put the kids to bed, rolled me sleevs up, and went down stares reddy for enny think from pitch and toss to manslatter. 'So yure on strike,' I sez, as I took up the thick part of the close orse wot he broke and wettid me parm fer better grip. 'Praps you'll tell me wot you've struck for,' I sez. He sed he didn't know, and didn't care, ennyow he'd struck in simperfy. 'Well,' I sez, 'I'm a goin to strike a simfunny, and I'm a strikin for meself, me ome, and me kids,' and wiv that I it at the neerist place wot wos andy wich appened to be his ed, bless is ole art, and he fell acrost the table and the legs give way and the lamp went out and bustid, you never herd sech a row in all your life.

"Of coarse the nayburs wot ad bin lissnin in the yard all flocked in to see who'd won, and arsked wot all the nize wos about. So I sed I cud sum it up in once and told them it was a hekko of the strike."

* * * * * *

Joe is back at work agen, and sez he don't want two strikes of that sort in one weak, it makes his ed ake a thinkin on it.

Our "Prudential" Exposures.

CONDENSED AND COLLATED IN PAMPHLET FORM.

ONE PENNY.

Every policy holder in the Industrial Branch of the Prudential Assurance Company should send for a copy without delay. It is possible that his, or her, present policy is illegal and worthless.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED,
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE CAT.

A HOLIDAY INTERLUDE.

By Richard Morton.

The cat under consideration is not the one of nine tails, nor the Manx cat of no tail, but the cat endowed with nine lives, the ordinary, lovable, household cat, who purrs for her milk, and catches our mice, and is altogether a thing of fluffy joy, when you have her petted in the seclusion of your own household. At home, the cat is a treasure.

At the seaside, she is a haunting horror by day and by night. Bertie Berkshire, the hero of this veracious history, thought the tales told of the seaside cat were but legendary lore and humour of the Early English variety. When he landed himself, and found himself landed, at Stargate-on-Sea, he recognised that the tales are solid truth and the cat is solid fact.

Tom, the cat at number 1, Marine Parade, where Bertie took up his diggings, was not vicious to look at. It was black, with mild, mellow, yellow eyes, with a rapt expression more like unto that of the Bishop of London than to that of the late lamented Mr. Charles Peace. But its instincts were certainly of the Charles Peace order.

The first morning, there should have been fish for breakfast, for Bertie had taken home some lovely dabs, fresh caught. Bertie breakfasted on bread and butter, for the cat had unfortunately got hold of the fish and nobody saw them again. The landlady apologised, and dratted the cat up hill and down dale as though she meant it, till Bertie was obliged to put in a plea for the poor creature, saying that to purloin fish was only feline nature after all.

The cutlets for luncheon were two in number when they came from the butcher, but when they went to the table they had dwindled to one, that one being rather shop-soiled in appearance. The landlady, a regular attendant at the Bethel round the corner, and therefore presumably truthful, groaned and said she did not know what she should do with the four-footed thief.

Bertie was not in doubt. He bought three kinds of poison and spread them on three delectable mouthfuls in three corners of the room, reckoning they would account for three of the animal's nine lives. The tasty bits were all gone when Bertie returned from his walk, and he trusted that Tom had winged his way with them to another plane.

Next morning, at breakfast time, the eggs and bacon had been sadly tampered with. The cat was responsible, the landlady said, and she wept tears of grief.

Bertie paid a man half-a-crown to hang the cat, cut its throat, break its neck, and drown it from the end of the pier. Seven of its misspent lives were thus accounted for.

The animal was missing at breakfast time, and Bertie feasted on a Dover sole. He came back to the midday repast, easy in mind and triumphant in victory. There should have been some cold loin of lamb for him to finish off, but the opportunity failed him.

The cat, said the landlady, had got into the larder once more and wrought havoc. She hoped and prayed it would be for the last time. Bertie said he was quite sure it would.

He went into the town and bought a pistol with two barrels, also the necessary ammunition. When the dusk of evening fell, he went into the back yard and gave the misguided cat both barrels, point blank, so as to account for its two remaining lives. Bertie buried it quickly.

Next day, half a bottle of whisky had disappeared. The landlady's eyes were moist, and she said that cat of hers was incorrigible, but never before had it given evidence of such a vitiated taste. For a cat to steal whisky is the depth of unnatural degradation.

Bertie changed his lodgings that day, and discussed the affair with a friend, who said: "Ah, you killed the wrong cat. You should have shot your landlady."

Readers of John Bull, *Mrs. Bull* and *Lotinga's Weekly* in country or remote districts in which there are no newsagents, and who would be willing to become local sales agents for these papers, are invited to apply for particulars to the Circulation Manager, John Bull Offices, 93–94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ANOTHER STRIKE AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

From our Special (Civil) War Correspondent.

Mudbury-on-Sea.

MONDAY.

The Bath chair men here have gone on strike. They demand a minimum wage of £5 per week and reduction of hours to 7 per week.

TUESDAY.

All Chair men out. Indescribable scenes witnessed. Pickets prevailed on all non-union men to come out. One old gentleman, left by the Municipal Bandstand in the Park for four hours, when wheeled home by a volunteer found to be delirious. Old lady, deaf and dumb, left in chair at end of sea front, found by police at 11 p.m., and accommodated in an empty cell until her address could be ascertained. Mass Meeting of Invalids held at the Rotunda, where Col. Firewater addressed the meeting and resolutions passed protesting against the incompetency of the Government.

WEDNESDAY.

Premier telegraphed to-day to Mr. Tireborn, Secretary of the Chair men's Union, asking him to receive a visit from the President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Tireborn has replied that he will convene Committee Meeting to discuss Premier's suggestion, and ring him up later. Ice-cream vendors and Municipal Military Band come out in sympathy with Chair men.

THURSDAY.

News that Municipal Band has come out pacified Invalids somewhat. Several "interesting" female invalids, who have not walked for 10 years, seen briskly promenading on the Marine Parade. Local Medical Men much annoyed at strike of Ice-cream Vendors. Local Hospital empty—nothing doing. Mr. Tireborn has telegraphed the Premier consenting to receive a visit from the President of the Board of Trade, provided he (Mr. Tireborn) is not expected to take off his hat.

FRIDAY.

President of Board of Trade had short interview with Mr. Tireborn, and longer interview with Mr. Slowcoach, Managing Director of the Bath Chair Supply Company, Ltd. As a result, we are informed that the strike is over and that the men's terms will be granted. The Government informed the Company that unless the terms demanded by the men, namely—a minimum wage of £5 per week and reduction of hours to 7 per week—were granted, the Government would rush through Parliament a Bill compelling the Company to do so.

SATURDAY.

All Chair men signed on this morning. Mr. Slowcoach has issued a notice on behalf of the Company, that, in order to maintain the average dividend of 1½ per cent. per annum, the Company are regretfully compelled to raise the minimum charge for Bath Chairs to £3 per diem (i.e., per day of one hour). *All Invalids leaving.*

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

JOHN BULL'S "GREETING."

September 12th.—RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH.

Here's to Great Asquith, England's Prime Minister,
Whose actions by some are regarded as sinister;
Upheld in his place, all the country agrees,
By the Irish Home Rulers and Labour M.P.'s.
If one crutch should fail him—the Irish, to wit—
The Treasury bench he'd reluctantly quit,
He knows this full well; so he dare not decline
J.R.'s invitation *re* "toeing the line."

"JOHN BULL" COAL CLUB.

Members who have not re-registered their names for the year ending June 30th, 1912, are requested to do so before Tuesday next, on which day the list will be closed. Among the benefits of membership are coal of a uniform quality at a fixed price summer and winter. Readers, also, can be enrolled up to the date mentioned by applying to the Manager, at 149, Fenchurch Street, E.C. All applications, newsagents' certificates, and quantity cards must be posted by Tuesday, September 12th.

EXTRA-ORDINARY CONFERENCE OF THE IMMORTALS.

MR. TOM MANN DISCUSSED—STRONG COMMENTS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE ASTRAL PLANE.)

When the news of the recent strikes reached the Elysian Fields, an Extra-Ordinary Conference of the Immortals was hastily called, the same being attended by an eager and excited crowd of the illustrious dead. Order was with difficulty maintained by the Chairman, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, many speakers evincing a desire to transgress one of the most important rules by which the Immortals' Conferences are regulated—to wit, that "each speaker shall confine his remarks to quotations from his own works."

The main object of the hurriedly summoned Conference was to discuss Mr. TOM MANN, whom the Immortals are inclined to credit with the chief responsibility for the strikes.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, the famous translator of Omar, opened the proceedings with a short prayer:

Oh Thou, who Mann of baser earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devised the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the face of Mann
Is blackened—man's forgiveness give—and take!

W. S. GILBERT, recently arrived in these parts, remarked:

Mann is Nature's sole mistake.

ROBERT BURNS fanned the growing excitement by exclaiming:

Good Lord, what is Mann? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil;
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

The CHAIRMAN: Mann delights me not.

ALEXANDER POPE declared that, with all due deference to the Chairman's likes and dislikes, The proper study of mankind is Mann. (*Cheers.*)

FRANCIS BACON, having exchanged significant glances with the Chairman, said: It being in the nature of the mind of Mann, to the extreme prejudice of knowledge, to delight in the specious liberty of generalities—(*Cries of "spacious!"*)

ROBERT BROWNING (*sternly*): Mann seeks his own good at the whole world's cost.

ROBERT BURTON (*emphatically*): The greatest enemy to man is Mann.

ROBERT BURNS: Mann's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

R. L. STEVENSON: Mann is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords. (*Cheers.*)

The CHAIRMAN: Poor Tom's a-cold. (*Loud laughter.*)

ROBERT SOUTHEY: Mann creates the evil he endures. (*Cheers.*)

JAMES GRAINGER: Mann's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.

ROBERT BROWNING (*rising amidst cries of "Sit down!"*):

The thing I pity most
In Mann is—action prompted by surprise
Of anger. (*Cries of "No!"*)

LAURENCE STERN: What is the life of Mann? Is it not to shift from side to side, from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another? (*Cries of "Question!"*)

At this point JOANNA BAILLIE, who had become slightly hysterical, sprang to her feet and cried:

Can spirit from the tomb, or fiend from hell
More hateful, more malignant be than Mann?

(*Loud cries of "No!"*)

HEBER: Though every prospect pleases,
And only Mann is vile (*Laughter.*)

ROBERT BROWNING, rising once more in spite of vociferous protests, struck a new note by exclaiming bluntly:

There's new tribunal now,
Higher than God's—th educated Mann's.

DRYDEN: How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is Mann, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!

CICERO, at whose rising a hush fell on the assembly, declared solemnly:

It is needful that Mann should die.

Whereupon the Conference broke up in great confusion.

A REVOLUTIONARY PROGRAMME.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

The democracy of Great Britain has now clearly demonstrated that it can do just what it pleases. It is independent not only of the effete Party system, but of the smug, black-coated humbugs who style themselves Labour leaders. Those portly persons may agree to any terms which capitalists may offer, but the workers refuse to be sold. They will remain out on strike, they will paralyse the whole trade of the country, or they will return quietly to work, exactly as their own interests seem to require.

Cui Bono?

There must, of course, be hideous suffering at first, and it will be felt most acutely by the poor. This may, however, be guarded against to a certain extent. Whoso goeth to war is well advised to count the cost in advance. A strike-fund should be formed on so huge a scale that full wages can be paid to all strikers for at least a twelvemonth. Immense warehouses and granaries must be built and stocked so as to place strikers out of the reach of famine for a like period.

The Ethics of Confiscation.

This may be impossible even by the exercise of incredible economy, even by sending the hat round the democracies of the four corners of the globe, even by passing wonderful laws, which reactionary politicians would denounce as confiscation. Well, then, the insurgents will proceed to sterner measures, which no one can call anything else but confiscation. If the people cannot save or beg or borrow the sinews of war, they will take them by force.

Commissariat.

With this policy in view, the revolutionary party will welcome the proposal to subsidize agriculture. For, the more food there is in the country, the more there will be for the strikers. It will be idle for a Government to use the military to convey produce to Liverpool or Cardiff or Glasgow, as the case may be, for it will simply be commandeered on reaching its destination. A much more likely event is that the railway men will continue to work the railways, but only for the benefit of their fellow-workers.

Ordered Anarchy.

You may call this Anarchy. I prefer to call it warfare. You may point out, quite logically, that capital would be driven out of the country and that labour cannot subsist without capital. O, fools and blind, does any sentient being—even the reddest of all red spouters in the Park—dream for an instant that industrial war is intended (any more than any other sort of war) to last for ever? Long before the idle rich have been sent empty away, there will be Committees of Safety, perhaps even Provisional Governments, composed of stern, sober, honest men, ready to punish unauthorised looters with instant death.

Resurrection after Insurrection.

And when the short, sharp war is over, when the capitalists have thrown up their hands, the whole business of the country must be reorganised on lines of probity and commonsense. Capitalists may be driven out of the country, but not capital.

Foreign Policy.

One objection is that turmoil in Great Britain would afford an opportunity for foreign aggression. Only the other day, I read in a French paper that Germany was merely waiting for something of the kind. Well, the French had a far more bloody revolution than we are ever likely to see. What was the result? They quickly overran the greater part of the civilized world. The British democracy does not, of course, cherish ambitions of conquest. But at least it possesses the strength and courage to repel any conceivable invasion. Moreover, the time cannot be far distant when the workers of Europe will be federalized, with all hearts beating in unison for the emasculation of tyranny. Already the International Transport Workers' Federation, whose headquarters are at Berlin, boast that they can tie up the shipping of the whole world in twenty-four hours, and are determined to wage "war on war."

The Bursting of the Dam.

Until lately, the British working man was regarded as full of hereditary respect, ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, taught from infancy to touch his cap and say "sir." But the pinch of starvation has changed, or rather revived, his spirit. Ten years ago, if he made no mistakes all through his life, submitted to hard labour and ceaseless privations, denied himself all the joys of existence, he might just contrive to keep body and soul together, perhaps even a few rags to his back. Since then, commerce has prospered exceedingly, trade returns grow ever more golden and glowing, and the rich have added plethorically to their hoards, but prices have risen by leaps and bounds, while wages have remained almost stationary. Is he then to be blamed if he demands a living wage? Must there be no bounds to the amazing patience which he has exercised so long?

The Rights of Property.

No doubt it is his duty to starve rather than steal. But what is theft? What are the rights of property? It may be idle to look back upon the days of robber barons and require "the land for the people." I am not sure that it is. There may be difficulties in analysing the origins of commercial fortunes and proving how many were built up by fraud. Even the case against the railway companies may be open to debate. Their excuse for sweating their men is over-capitalisation. The cause of over-capitalisation was the greed of wealthy landowners who exacted fanciful prices for strips of land and then benefited inordinately by the advent of a railway. Thus they became rich that workers might now be denied a living wage. On the other hand, many of the thrifty poor have invested, directly or indirectly, in railway stock and they must not be deprived of their savings.

Ultima Ratio.

I admit that you may make out a strong case against confiscation, against a redistribution of wealth. But the case against withholding a living wage is stronger still. Shelley put it in a nutshell when he wrote: "We are many, ye are few." It would not be human nature for millions of men to acquiesce in starvation while a few thousand parasites languidly complain of the monotony of pleasures and palaces. The parasites do not possess a Pretorian guard; their soldiery are drawn from the people and will think more of blood-ties than discipline when the tocsin rings and the castles begin to blaze.

A Word to the Unwise.

The present attitude of the capitalist class is, to say the least, unwise. Their evil day might be postponed if they would only exercise a little humanity, a little commonsense, even a little reticence. One of the organs of their opinion said in effect that "a whiff of grape-shot" was the best answer to the turmoil of the strikes. Another, with greater delicacy, observed that "there is undoubtedly, among the railway-workers, a dangerous excess of poverty." Not a word of compassion, not even a simulated sigh for famished fellow-countrymen; merely a sententious expression of fear lest nakedness and starvation might one day prove a danger to the comfortable enjoyment of riches. The train of thought would have been quite logically developed by the conclusion: "It is really high time to put an end to all this nonsense by throwing the dogs a few bones to gnaw." Imagine Rome beleaguered by a horde of Huns, and some cackling senator murmuring: "Dear me, this is growing serious. I wonder if they would like some hay."

Cut Your Losses.

Yes, but what is the condemned class to do? The days of doles by Lady Bountiful are done; charitable societies arouse angry derision, however fat and numerous their secretaries; it is in vain that the turtle-fed Mansion House sets relief-fund snares in the sight of any bird. A certain amount of defensive work is being done by Mr. Lloyd George, the present exponent of Tory-Democracy, by juggling with ninepences and groats for insurance and other legerdemain legislation. All capitalists should rally round his policy, abandoning the moth-eaten masquerades of the present Party system, and frankly recognising that the immediate issue lies between the two great parties of Capital and Labour—nay, between those two great nations, the Rich and the Poor.

Whoso is pursued by wolves, let him sacrifice all that he hath, if so be that their hunger may be stayed.

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

I

BY OUR TAME PHRENOLOGIST.

IV.—C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

Come in! . . . Urgh! . . . What's your name? . . . Masterman? . . . What, C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.? . . . Want your character delineated? . . . Well, you've got more pluck than I gave you credit for. . . You'll pay the fee beforehand, please. If you don't pay it now, you won't feel inclined to when I've done with you, that's why . . . Half-a-guinea to you. . . . Double fees for disagreeable jobs. . . . Urgh! . . . Sit down . . . and don't fidget.

Here's a pretty head! . . . It's got the sanctimonious slope, to begin with. . . . But we'll leave that for a bit, and see first of all how your propensities shape.

No. 1, *Amativeness*, well developed. . . . You invariably find *Amativeness* and the sanctimonious slope associated in the same head. . . . Here it is, in the neck. . . . What's that? . . . You don't admit it? . . . Nobody ever does.

No. 2, *Philoprogenitiveness*, or love of children—one of the most precious bumps humanity can boast—seems to be missing in your case. . . . By the way, that accounts for your Akbar Reformatory performance. . . . If this bump had been better developed you wouldn't have been so anxious to whitewash the perpetrators of the atrocities at Heswall.

No. 3, *Concentrativeness* is well defined. . . . *Adhesiveness*, No. 4, is even more pronounced, as it is in the case of every occupant of the Treasury bench. . . . You are all stickers. *Secretiveness* and *Acquisitiveness* are both full grown—more especially the latter. . . . But as for *Constructiveness*, well, it is so slight that you may bet your bottom dollar you'll never make a statesman. So I should advise you to curb your ambition with regard to the Irish Secretaryship, shortly, I am given to understand, to fall vacant owing to Birrell's elevation to the Peerage in recognition of his abject failure in everything political he has attempted.

Now let's have a look at your sentiments.

No. 10, *Self-esteem*, also invariably found in association with the sanctimonious slope, is nicely filled out. No, neither your hair nor your mock humility are sufficient to conceal it. . . . It's there, and it would take a coke hammer, or one or two defeats at the poll, to reduce it to reasonable proportions.

No. 13, *Benevolence*, which includes *Charity*, is, so to speak, one of the unemployed. . . . What's the good of your denying it? . . . Why make a silly fuss? . . . Could a man of charitable mind have written *From the Abyss* and *The Condition of England?* Answer me that.

Hope, No. 17, is strong . . . too strong. You are hoping for the Irish job . . . I can feel you hoping for it. . . . This bump is all on the jump with hope. Well, all I can say is, God save Ireland. Better by far have Home Rule, or Rome Rule, than be bossed by the Whitewash King.

Sit still, please. . . . Control yourself. . . . If you wanted a pleasant time you should have gone to the dentist.

As for your Intellectual Faculties, well, the less said about them the better. Intellect and character are two different things. Of the two, character is the more important; and you know yours now. . . . At least, you know some of it. . . . I admit I have wielded the whitewash brush a bit, although you don't really deserve any consideration.

You insist upon knowing something about your intellectual faculties? . . . Oh, you do, do you? . . . Well, this much I will say: You know which side your bread is buttered. That usually goes with the sanctimonious slope also . . .

Good day . . . Urgh!

Open the window, Jimmy.

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WITH UNIQUE FEATURES
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Everyone who Completes will receive a Splendid Prize.

Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in cash.

MOST AMAZING OFFER EVER MADE.

A Pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free.

For Seven Days' Trial for Every Reader in Great Britain

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every "John Bull" Reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

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Gentlemen.—Please send me by return one pair * of your
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at .. .. **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
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This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Signed.....

FREE TRIAL. Address .....

.....

* Please Cross out Sizes not required.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARD AND TELEGRAM.

To Sir Fairfax Cartwright, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, Vienna.

DEAR SIR FAIRFAX,—I am sorry to notice your name mixed up in an international rumpus, whether through the malice of ignorance or the indiscretion of garrulity it is not at present possible for me to determine. You will please put me right if I am wrong, but, as I understand, the gravamen of the accusations against you is that you are the "highly-placed diplomat" alleged by the anonymous writer of an interview in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna to have made certain remarks about Germany with a frankness not only unusual, but undesirable, in an ambassador, who, as I assume you are aware, is paid a handsome salary for the adequate concealment of his thoughts. You will admit, therefore, that it was and is your business to be silent until your country instructs you to talk; and that when it instructs you to talk, it will tell you what to say.

As it is, the German and Austrian press are demanding your recall as a dangerous incendiary. In these circumstances, it is evident that the quickest and plainest disavowal was necessary. But your disavowal has been neither quick nor plain. I do not say that there is an obligation upon a diplomatic representative of Britain abroad to entangle his feet in every net which the inventive ingenuity of journalists or the malice of political gossipers manufactures for his tripping. But if an accusation is one to be denied at all, it is one to be denied promptly. Yet you allowed several days to pass without making a sign of your existence. When at last your reply appears it is ambiguous. "I am not responsible for the anonymous article published in an Austrian newspaper which ill-informed people have attributed to me," you say.

With all respect, Sir Fairfax, that is not a denial. You know what you have to answer: "Yes or No—are you the diplomat interviewed by the writer of the *Neue Freie Presse?* If so, did you or did you not say the things attributed to you?" Assuring you of my high consideration.

JOHN BULL.

To the Mayor of Dunstable.

DEAR MAYOR,—I can understand your excitement when two heralds arrived in your town to announce the imminent advent of that High and Mighty Potentate, General Booth. It appears that they had come to prepare a place for him, demanded that the Town Council should present him with an illuminated address on his arrival—or should I say his advent?—and announced that he would be graciously pleased to pass a night at your house, provided the dietary and accommodation were satisfactory. I want to know how you, as an Englishman occupying a responsible position, can endure such impertinence from a parcel of fanatics. As you were not at home when these emissaries arrived with their monstrous request, you could not kick them downstairs, b t you have since had time to express your views with the force which I expect from a representative Englishman. Instead of doing that, you seem to have acquiesced in the Town Council's decision to present the illuminated address. I suppose you will stand bareheaded beside his magnificent motor-car, mumbling platitudes. But the people of Dunstable will be greater fools than I take them for if they submit to pay for this tomfoolery out of their rates.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Robert Cecil.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—After all your vehemence on behalf of "Free Trade," it is a bit of a shock to find you coming forward as an out-and-out Tariff Reformer in South Kensington. But, of course, it is all part and parcel of the Party game. The Party politician cannot hope to get on unless he is prepared to change what he calls his principles as readily as he changes his garments. But I confess I had hoped better things of you. I did not think you would revert to anything so moribund as Party politics.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. H. Gurney, J.P., and R. Hill, Esq., J.P., Petty Sessions Court, Harwich.

DEAR FRIENDS,—During the last few days I have been considering with unscrupulous care and absorbing interest certain elusive problems in relation to your worships, the Harwich police, and a gentleman of no fixed abode named Mr. Charles Leicester Bell. I daresay you will remember that a policeman caught Mr. Bell, a licensed pedlar, in blissful slumber under the dome of heaven. Not only did the policeman wake him up, but gathered him in, and though official investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Bell had 3½d. in one pocket and a pedlar's licence in another, he was charged with "sleeping abroad without visible means." This, my dear friends, is the problem which puzzles me. I have wrestled with it as logic, optics, psychology, medicine, physics, and political economy, and I feel like giving it up.

If Mr. Bell had hidden the 3½d. in his hair, or his boots, or under a tree, I should have been the first to admit that the money was invisible; but having found it and handled it as four separate and distinct coins of the realm, I cannot understand how it can be said that he had no visible means of subsistence.

Your worships sentenced Mr. Bell to 14 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

Consequently, there only remains to be considered the question whether magistrates who cannot see 3½d. when it is there and can see a legal offence when it isn't—but sort it out yourselves.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Augustine Mackie, Tivetshall St. Margaret, Norfolk.

REVD. SIR,—I was amused to read your letter to the labourer who challenged you to exchange duties for a day. He contended that he could do your work better than you could do his. By this, of course, he meant the essential work of your cure of souls. You pretended to agree and furnished him with a time-table of an average day's work, which you invited him to undertake. From 9.30 to 10 he was to occupy himself with retranslation of English into Greek; 10 to 11.30 was to be devoted to Œcumenical documents of the faith and a revision of the definitions of the Council of Chalcedon. From 11.30 to 12.30 he was to consider the homo-ousion and the Constantinopolitan symbol, and from 12.30 to 1 the hapax legomena of the Apocalypse. No doubt you thought yourself very clever, but I submit that this was not cricket. You knew very well that Greek was Greek to him and that he could not cope with the mystifications of transcendental theology. No doubt, as you wrote your letter and drew up your time-table, you reflected with a complacent smile that you had made a fool of this poor labourer and at the same time proclaimed the profundity of your scholarship. But I think that, on reflection, you may well be disposed to smile on the wrong side of your mouth. You are too clever by half. You are so sharp that you have cut yourself and, incidentally, you have dealt a severe blow to the Church you profess to serve. For you have set men asking themselves: *Is that how a parson spends his time?* I thought the apology for the clergy was that they devoted themselves to good works, comforted the sick, taught righteousness, became the friends and servants of their parishioners. But you spend your whole morning in poring over musty tomes and wrestling with ancient controversies which lost all interest many hundreds of years ago. You may retort that you are entitled to have your mornings to yourself and that this is your form of relaxation. But what a poor one—what a sorry preparation for a leader of men! Your congregation is probably struggling with the problems of poverty, wondering day and night how to make both ends meet, and you preach to them about the Aryan heresy. A woman lies on her death-bed, wondering what will happen to her loved ones when she shall be gone, and you can only soothe her last moments with speculations on the hapax legomena of the Apocalypse! Oh, for another Christ to drive such Panglosses out of the Temple!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir John Benn, London County Council.

Rumour in South Hackney that you are coming to raise standard of official Liberalism—the local caucus objecting to persons who have been prominent in Law Courts. Shall be delighted show you the ropes—to hang yourself (politically) with.

BULL.

THE MOROCCO DIFFICULTY—

AND "THE WAY OUT."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

A Period of Slumps and After—Morocco, the East Rand Collapse, and Market Difficulties.

We have had to wade through another period of slumps caused by forced liquidation in the Stock Markets, which in its turn was induced by quite a collection of "Bear" points, some real, others fancied. Pawned stock is being forced out, and there is no one to buy it, so that prices fall with comparatively little stock changing hands. The interminable Morocco question has wrought havoc on the Paris Bourse, and London had to buy *Kaffirs* and *Chartered* shares thrown overboard by French speculators. Then came the collapse of *East Rand Prop.* from 4⅛ to 3½, and its tardy explanation suggests great negligence in connection with the cyanide works, if not worse. Of course the last word has not yet been spoken. In the meantime, those who wish to pick up bargains might with advantage pick up some of the shares of the Wernher Beit group. *Rhodesians* have been depressed in sympathy, and as all the news is favourable there are now great bargains to be got, such as *Rhodesia Exploration* at 1⅛, *Eldorado* at 3⅛, *Amalgamated Props.* at 4s. 9d., *Falcon Mines* at 1⅛, *Lonely Reefs* at 3⅛. *Antelope* at 6s., *Cam and Motor* (with 5s. more called up) at 18s. 6d., etc. *Home Rails* have passed through severe fluctuations, and sales of pawned stock have been in evidence. I still hold the same view of *Yankees* and *Canadian Pacific*, in which the position in Berlin is very precarious, as shown by serious difficulties that have come to light. *Home Industrials* have also been mostly dull, but *Argentine Rails* have been in favour, and advances of from ½ to 2 points have taken place in the shares recommended by me last week, especially in *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* and *Central Argentine*. A firmer tone has prevailed for *Rubber*, although fine Para is below the best at 4s. 8½d. *Rubber shares* have been actively dealt in, but finally *Linggi* are easy at 39s. 3d. ex the rights, which are appraised at 9d., *Vallambrosa* at 29s., *Anglo-Malay* at 17s. 3d. The large business done in plantation rubber for forward delivery up to the end of 1912 at 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d. per lb. has, however, a steadying effect, and a favourable impression has been created by the receipts at Para for July and August of only 3,010 tons, against 4,190 tons for July and August, 1910.

An important cablegram has been received from the Ida "H" stating that the diamond drill No. 1, now down 882 feet, passed through a quartz reef 18 inches wide, assaying 19 dwts. per ton. The total length of the reef is now proved for over 2,000 feet on the horizontal at a depth of 900 feet. This should make a big mine of the Ida "H." The mill commenced running on the 1st inst., and monthly dividends are expected from October. The price has advanced to 7s. 6d.

The Maikop Oilfield — Interesting Anglo-Maikop Meeting.

Last Friday's *Anglo-Maikop* meeting gave Mr. George Tweedy, who is not only Managing Director of that Corporation, but also the leading expert connected with the Maikop Oilfield, an opportunity to clear up various matters upon which he was questioned. He stated that only last week No. 1 well of the *Victory* gave by spouting a production for eight hours of 25,000 poods, but he added specially that his calculations are based on baling wells, the progress of which is slower. As the Chairman stated at the same meeting that two of their allied companies (*Maikop Victory* and *Black Sea Oilfields*) have together produced 75,000 tons of oil, it is evident that there is plenty of oil in the field. Another point is that while nobody expected to obtain more than 15 copecks per pood at the wells, the price has gradually increased until they are receiving 20 copecks per pood at the wells, so that the war between the Standard Oil Company and the Shell combine has not touched them. To guard against fire the Russian Government has made the rule to close operations at night on the *Maikop Victory*, on which, by the way, the gas is so strong that it fills the whole district within a few hours. That, of course, is really the best evidence of the tremendous supply of gas and oil available. I do not propose to single out the further companies which are likely to be successful in obtaining plenty of oil, and that is no doubt a kind of lottery, but enough has been said to prove that the *Maikop Victory* is making large profits, and that the *Black Sea Oilfields* are also in an excellent position. The prices of both, of ⅛ discount and ¾ respectively, ought to stand much higher.

Rubber Exploration Shares Attractive.

It is extremely rare that I find myself in agreement with outside brokers in the recommendation of their wares, but for once I agree with the circular which is being sent out by one of these gentry. It refers to the *Rubber Exploration Company, Ltd.*, the shares in which are at present obtainable at 7½d. for the 2s. fully paid shares. The minimum break-up value of the same is 1s. per share, taking the value of the Company's holdings at to-day's low level of prices. But as there is no probability of liquidation there is every prospect, in view of the Company's interest in rubber ventures, which are coming to the front again, that the shares will rise to the face value of 2s. again. This is, indeed, a promising gamble.

Tirucalli Rubber.

To judge from some advices from the property of the Tirucalli Rubber Concessions, Limited, which have come under my notice, the time is now at hand when this undertaking will begin producing. It would appear that a commencement is to be made very shortly with a shipment of two tons of latex per week, and that somewhere in October shipments will reach four tons per day. It will be remembered that this syndicate owns large concessions, covering an area of 600 square miles on the Tugela Valley, where there are extensive forests of Tirucalli trees, of which something like twelve million trees are stated to be ready to tap. According to experts' reports, the bulk samples tested in Natal and in London contain about 12 to 15 per cent. of good rubber, and 53 per cent. of resin. The latex can be readily sold on the market at 5d. to 6d. per lb., so that at the rate of some £50 to £60 per ton a very considerable revenue would be obtained. It is, however, also possible to separate the rubber and resin, in which case a further profit could be realised, as both the rubber and the resin have been proved of excellent quality. Two of the directors are at present on the property, and appear to have formed a very favourable impression of its potentialities. The capital is only £35,150, divided into 100,000 Preference shares of 5s. each, 40,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each, and 3,000 Priority shares of 1s. each. After the Preference shares have received 10 per cent. in any one year, the balance of the profit is to be equally divided between Preference and Ordinary shares. The Preference shares have been quoted as high as 1⅜, but are now obtainable at £1, at which they appear to be a promising speculative investment.

Tin and Tin Mines—The Nigerian Position.

The market for Tin has been fairly steady, notwithstanding the disorganisation of the metal industry, and especially also of the tin plate industry through the recent strikes. Of late the market has rallied again to £190 for cash, and as the tin plate industry gets to work again an increased demand will no doubt be experienced. With regard to Nigeria, very favourable advices are to hand concerning the railway communication. It appears that the Baru-Kano Railway, Northern Nigeria, to the extensive tin fields in the Bauchi district, is now so well advanced that it is expected to open the line for traffic in March next. This, of course, will ensure a large reduction in the cost of freight for machinery, and affect, amongst others, Naraguta, Bukeru, etc. It is even stated that a through service will be inaugurated this year between the port of Lagos, Southern Nigeria, and Northern Nigeria, a distance of 585 miles. There is to be a weekly mail train, luxuriously fitted up, and to the tin fields of Northern Nigeria a saving of time in each journey of eight to ten days would be effected, as compared with the Niger route *viâ Forcados*, reducing it to five days. Two Nigerian directors' reports have just been issued—*viz.*, that of the *Nigerian Tin Corporation*, and of the *Northern Nigeria (Bauchi) Tin Mines, Limited*, which show a promising position. The Corporation, according to the manager, owns large areas of tin-bearing ground, which should be profitably treated by the sluicing plant which is now on its way up country. The *Northern Nigeria (Bauchi) Tin Mines* have since March recovered 91¾ tons of tin oxide, and the directors are of opinion that the present output of twenty tons per month can be maintained for several years, but that a considerable area of deep alluvial ground has also been discovered, which should yield 1,000 tons of tin oxide with suitable machinery. It is obvious that the railway will bring remarkable changes, and far-seeing investors will do well to consider the question of getting into suitable companies at the present low prices. As far as I can see, the pick of the market is the *Champion (Nigeria) Tinfields*, which has already paid a dividend of 100 per cent. The company's capital is only £50,000 in 5s. shares, and it owns very large properties in Nigeria, while it has also floated the *Naraguta (Nigeria) Tin Mines*, the *Lucky Chance Mines*, the *Jugu Tin and Power Company*, *Tin Fields of Northern Nigeria*, and in all these companies, as well as the *Northern Nigeria*

(Bauchi) Tin Mines, above referred to, it has important interests. Such a company must benefit very largely from the opening up of communications, while the price is remarkably cheap at ⅞ to 11-16. Anyone locking up a parcel of these shares at such prices should eventually see a big profit. As a matter of fact, these shares touched £4 at one time, when there was a Nigerian boom on.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 8, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

CORPORATION LOANS.—G. A.—Both Corporations have about the same standard of credit. There is nothing to be said against this kind of investment, except that the return is small, and that there is no chance of capital appreciation.

DEPOSITS.—J. T.—The Bank of England does not take this kind of deposit, and you had better keep the money where it is—in the P.O. Savings Bank.

HOTEL SHARES FOR EXCHANGE.—A. D.—The hotel in question is evidently a private company, and no particulars are available in the usual books of reference. It is, therefore, impossible to give you advice on the matter. You had better ask for a balance sheet. If you send me that, I shall be able to advise you.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—VERGER.—I take it that you had a deposit in the Charing Cross Bank to the amount stated. It is in good hands, as there is an Official Liquidator, but it will take some time before payments can be made, as most of the securities will take a considerable time to realise. It is quite impossible to say how much you will get.

A. LAWRENCE AND COMPANY.—P. G. (South Ealing).—I regret to learn that you have made a heavy loss through these outside brokers—after losing £300, you had £642 to your credit, for which they gave you two bills, which have been dishonoured. You had better send me full particulars about the people connected with the firm, so that I can make further enquiries.

CLAIMS ON OUTSIDE BROKING CONCERN.—E. B. (Cumberland).—It is quite correct that these people closed Canadian Pacifics on the 29th July, so that they cannot close them again on the 9th August. I take it that, owing to the small loss of ⅛ in Canadian Pacifics, you have still something like £5 to receive from the cover, and I will see what can be done in the matter. As regards the Gold Coast Amalgamated at 1 15-16, the option money is lost. H. E. N.—You do not inform me at what price you made the Bear sale of 10 Unions, so that I cannot calculate what profit you can claim. The question also is as to whether you bought an option, or whether you paid for cover. SHAREHOLDER IN J.B.—You evidently are entitled to £8 4s., if you have not gone into fresh transactions since, and I will see what I can do to obtain payment of the amount for you.

CHILLAGOES.—GOLF.—Everything has suffered, without exception, in the present downward movement, and your best plan is to hold, but not average until things generally settle down.

TRANSVAAL EXPLORING LAND AND MINERALS.—C. C. K.—This Company holds large quantities of land in the Transvaal, and when the value of such land further improves, there should be a fair prospect for the Company. The managing director, as you say, is Mr. Henry Samuel.

MOSS EMPIRES.—A. J. G.—I should not think you would do any harm by investing £50 in Moss Empires Prefs. The comparatively high yield should compensate for the speculative character of the shares.

BANK SHARES.—ANXIOUS.—I cannot advise you to sell these Bank shares after the heavy fall. The latter was due chiefly to the labour troubles, which have now been surmounted. The other bank mentioned has just been absorbed by Barclays. If you lend money to a Corporation this would, of course, be quite safe, but there is no margin for any appreciation in capital value.

TWO INDUSTRIALS.—BREWERY (Birmingham).—(1) I should think it would be advisable to hold these Preference shares now, as the Company is said to be doing better. (2) I do not think you will ever realise anything on these Brewery shares.

RUBBERS AND OILS.—WHITFIELD NO. 1.—Instead of Nos. 1 and 2, buy yourself some Maikop Victorys. Maikop Valleys also have possibilities. Amongst the rubber shares mentioned, Nos. 3 and 4 are the best purchases.

SUCCESSION DUTY.—ENQUIRER (Harrogate).—The ways of the tax collector are truly wonderful in getting money out of the public, and it is probable that even after a Deed of Gift has been duly executed, and the stamp paid, they might claim succession duty before two years have expired since the date of the transfer should your sister unfortunately die; but if you have employed a solicitor, surely he will inform you.

PROPOSED SALVAGE AND ENGINEERING COMPANY.—OCEAN.—On the face of it, your proposed undertaking of establishing a Salvage Engineering Company, having already various salvage contracts in hand, looks feasible, but I cannot see how I can help you to the support of a capitalist in the matter, unless this reply may come under the eye of a reader of JOHN BULL, who is so inclined. Your best course is to advertise in leading daily papers, such as the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—H. B. C.—(1) Outside brokers. Fairly respectable, but I do not know anything about means. (2) No, and both are risky. (3) I really do not advise on options. If you ask my opinion about certain stocks and shares, I am willing to give it to you, but I shall not advise to buy options in such and such a share. MCGIBBON.—I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the Birmingham outside brokers in question. I have had various complaints with regard to their not paying clients when owing them money. W. L. (Accrington).—What is the use of locking the stable after the steed is stolen? If you had asked me whether to do business with Beveridge, Clark and Co., Limited, of Market Street, Manchester, before sending them money, I might have been of use to you. Now you complain that they do not pay you what they owe you. I suppose you will take proceedings through your solicitor, and try and get the money. GOLFER.—No, I do not think that either of these two concerns may be recommended. Why not try a member of the Stock Exchange?

OIL AND GOLD.—F. M. W.—In the Oil market, Maikop Victorys; in Gold and kindred shares, Rhodesia Exploration and Amalgamated Props.

SIMMER AND JACK.—Y. X.—These shares have declined in sympathy with the rest of the Kaffir market. It should be worth while holding now for a recovery.

TWO CONCERNS.—A. P. (Herefordshire).—It is a pity you did not make inquiries before investing in these two concerns. (1) This Picture Theatre Company is a very obscure company, and very little is known here regarding its position, while that is not favourable. The shares are not marketable. (2) I agree with you that for the directors to take fees of £600 out of profits of £1,300 of these gold mines is not at all right, but the shareholders must themselves take the steps necessary to take the board to task.

TWO RHODESIANS.—J. H. F.—Neither concern is any longer in existence, and the Scrip is, therefore, valueless.

4 TO 4½ PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—J. M. (Hampstead).—All three stocks—A to C—are good of their kind, but as neither comes in the gilt-edged category, it would not be advisable to hold too many thereof. There are plenty of other good securities giving this yield, of which the following is a selection.—Great Central Prefs., such as the 1875 issue, at 117; Grand Trunk Pacific 4 per cent. Debenture stock, at 94; Vickers 5 per cent. Preference shares, at 1¼.

OIL SHARES.—WAVERLEY.—I have not altered my opinion about these Oil shares, which, from all I can gather, are quite as promising as any of the others. Of course, it is quite possible that the Company may want more money. If you take your shares up, and put them away for a time, you should eventually recover at least a considerable portion of the loss. You can do no harm by averaging at the present unduly low price. BAILIE.—I cannot say that I am partial to these shares myself, but I doubt if you could sell now, if you wanted to, in view of the fact that the shares are quoted at ⅜ to ½ discount.

LOTTERY BONDS.—D. T. P. (Penygraig).—The Hungarian Lottery is bona fide enough, but you can only get these tickets through shady intermediaries, who generally are not to be trusted. Under the circumstances, I do not advise any transaction, the more so as lotteries are prohibited in this country.

SPECULATION.—A FOUR YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—If you have only got £8, I strongly advise you to keep it, and put it in the Post Office Savings Bank, and not speculate with it, as you would only lose your money.

BANKS AND TRADING AGENCIES.—A. L.—Very little is known about the Trading Agency, and this so-called Banking Company. I strongly advise you not to have any dealings with these people, unless you can get satisfactory references. They have no such standing as you are led to believe.

BIRKBECK AFFAIRS.—J. F. C. (Leytonstone).—There is, of course, the uncertainty about the return of the capital in the case of the Birkbeck Freehold and Land Society, but you might try the London County and Westminster Bank, which has taken over some of the business of the Birkbeck Bank, and might feel inclined to take the matter up.

OIL INVESTMENTS.—SUNDOWNER.—Amongst the Oil shares mentioned by you, I consider that the Maikop Victory (3) is the most promising, being a large producing mine. No. 1 and 2 would also be suitable, but the others are not nearly so promising.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.—ALOHA.—(a) Brazil Great Southern 6 per cent. Mort. Debs. at 103; Cartagena Railway 6 per cent. Debs. at 75; Canadian Steel Foundries 6 per cent bonds at 105; Mexican Electric Light 5 per cent. Gold bonds at 89⅜. (b) To a moderate extent, yes, remembering that such shares are not gilt-edged. (c) Spread this £500 over leading Rhodesians, Rubbers, and Oils, such as Rhodesia Exploration at 2 1-16; Linggis at 4½., Anglo-Malay at 17s. 9d., Maikop Victory at ½ discount.

GREAT WESTERN.—A. E. B.—You can, of course, please yourself in the matter, but I do not think that the Nationalisation of Railways has yet come within the range of practical politics. As soon as the labour position is quite adjusted, there should be a fair recovery in Home Rails, including, of course, Great Westerns.

ROSE OF SHARON.—GEM.—This Company is just going into reconstruction, and I do not advise a purchase of the shares. You can do much better in other Rhodesians, such as those mentioned in my articles from time to time.

INVESTMENTS.—S. C.—(1) This has been attended to. (2) Lloyds Bank are a good holding amongst bank shares. (3) You do not say what yield you require, but presumably you want high-class securities, and the following selection should, therefore, suit you:—Transvaal 3 per cent. at 92½; London County 3 per cent. at 84½; West Australian 3½ per cent. at 97; Japanese 4 per cent. at 90½; Great Central 5 per cent. 1881 Preference; and G. T. Pacific 3 per cent. Mort. Bonds at 83.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—WORKMAN.—I do not think you could do better than put this sum into the half-a-dozen securities mentioned in reply to "S. C." above.

TWO SPECS.—J. H. P.—I do not care for either of the two shares mentioned. As regards No. 1, all Westralians are under a cloud at present, and Rhodesians would be preferable. The Company (No. 2) is also in the dumps, owing to heavy depreciation, and purchases of the leading producing shares—Linggis, Anglo-Malay, Asiatics, etc., would be far preferable.

OLD AGE PENSION.—SEVENTY-ONE.—As your relatives allow you 10s. per week, and your wife's relatives allow her 8s. per week, you cannot obviously claim old age pension. F. C.—It is evident that the Old Age Pensions will interfere with this Trust, and I do not, therefore, think it advisable to go in for it, unless you have made up your mind. Why not put your savings in the Post Office Savings Bank?

CANADAS.—P. D.—It is not unlikely that Canadian Pacifics will stand still higher, especially when the expected bonus is announced. On the other hand, a good profit such as you now have is always worth taking. There are plenty of opportunities going for investment in other securities, which are at present unduly depreciated.

TEA BUSINESS.—J. P. W.—(1) I do not think so; but you can easily find out on applying to any of the wholesale tea dealers. (2) There is no law against your calling yourself a company, or using a fancy title, if you are so minded.

HENRIQUEZ SOUTH RUBBER ESTATES.—COVERS.—You must make up your own mind upon the matter. I am afraid there is not much chance of this concern retrieving its position.

VALIDITY OF ENGAGEMENT.—AGREEMENT.—Under ordinary circumstances, in the case of the transfer of a business, liabilities are also taken over, but in the case of salaries, it is, of course easy enough for the new concern to reduce the same. If they treat you badly, there is no reason why you should not transfer yourself and staff to another office, but you should only do so with the advice of your solicitor.

BRIT. COL. CONCERN.—J. B.—This concern may or may not be all right, but it is not known here, and there is no market for its stocks. I would, therefore, advise you not to take an interest in it.

SHEPHERDS.—PETE.—There seems to be no regular market for the shares, and any such transactions must be a matter of private negotiation. At the same time, I do not like the shares, and I would not advise a further purchase.

INCOME TAX.—BLANKENBERGHE.—Your best plan would be to consult the Income Tax Recovery Agency, of Poultry, Cheapside, London, E.C.

AGREEMENT WITH EDUCATIONAL CONCERN.—A. W. (Bradford).—If you have signed such an agreement, you are liable, and if you cannot go on with it, you had better come to a compromise with the people. You ought not to sign documents which you cannot understand.

DEBENTURES IN PRIVATE LIMITED COMPANY.—DEBENTURES (Brook Green).—It is impossible for me to give you a definite reply unless you tell me the name of the private limited company in which you wish to sell £2,000 of Debentures.

CENTRAL ARGENTINE, ETC.—BICESTER.—(1) As there is practically no market at present, there is no option but to retain these Oil shares. (2) No one was ever ruined by taking profits, but a further rise is expected in Central Argentine.

AUTOMOBILE CARRIAGE BUILDERS, LIMITED.—A. J. K.—As a Receiver has been appointed for the Debenture holders, you have no chance at present to enforce your small claim, but you should watch matters, as possibly it is intended to resuscitate the concern, in which case there would come your chance.

ADVERTISEMENT QUESTION.—WARDOWN.—The *Financial News*, the *Financial Times*, and the *Daily Mail* should suit you.

£500—£600 Investment.—Joseph.—Your conditions are somewhat difficult to fill, but the following selection should answer your purpose:—City of Bombay 4 per cent.; Metropolitan District Railway 4 per cent. Perp. Guaranteed at 97, Grand Trunk Pacific 4 per cent. Debentures at 93; and Rhodesia Railways First Mort. 4 per cent bonds at 92.

Compensation.—Claims.—These questions do not come within my province. You should consult a competent valuer. Your brewers would, no doubt, place you in communication with suitable experts on the subject.

Chatham, Rochester and District Rink.—C. H. J. (Newbury).—I have all along taken an unfavourable view of the craze for rinks, and I am afraid the prospects are unsatisfactory, but you must decide yourself as to whether you will risk any more money or not. With regard to the matter of the Picture Theatre, I will make enquiries.

[A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Prudential Assurance Company.—S. P. (Whitwick).—The policy is not enforceable. J. H. P. (Littleclean).—You must prove deliberate mis-statement on the part of the agent. E. L. R. (Southampton).—If the agent made the statement you say he did, and you can prove it, we have little doubt you could recover the premiums you have paid. H. B (East Ham).—The matter shall be looked into. I. M. (Winslow).—If the facts are as you state them, you have clearly a case against the Company. W. T. (Shorncliffe).—The policies are illegal, but you can only recover the premiums paid if you can show that there was deliberate mis-statement on the part of the agent. A. L. (Fowey).—The policies are illegal and therefore not enforceable, but it is quite possible that they would be paid upon maturity. F. S. (Barnet).—It is a hard case, but we cannot advise you to take action without legal advice. F. A. (Newport).—Both policies are illegal.

Compensation for Injury.—Constant Reader (Yngs-ddu).—It is impossible for us to tell you what compensation you should claim without knowing the facts.

London and Provincial Assurance Company.—Scottie (Girvan).—It is a comparatively new Company, having been established in 1906, but we have no reason to doubt its complete solvency.

Britannic Assurance Company.—W. J. M. (Bristol).—There can be no doubt that the policy is illegal and therefore not enforceable, but the likelihood is that it would be paid upon maturity. You cannot hope to get back the premiums unless you can prove deliberate mis-statement on the part of the agent.

Pioneer Life Assurance Company.—W. D. (Wrexham).—The policy is illegal, but the probability is that the Company would pay upon maturity.

London and Manchester Industrial Assurance Company.—R. (Cardiff).—It is impossible for us to help you unless you send us proof of your statements. Have you had any correspondence with the office? R. V. (Gravesend).—You have been correctly informed. The policies are not enforceable, but they would probably be paid at death.

City Life Assurance Company.—C. A. M. (Dartford).—We have received the correspondence, which we will examine.

Wesleyan and General Assurance Society.—A. B. C. (Birmingham).—The agent misled you. We return the letter from the general manager. Let us see his final answer to you.

Claim for Compensation.—W. S. (Newbridge).—Upon the facts as you state them, we think you can claim for the false teeth.

Empire Guarantee and Insurance Corporation.—Cornered (Hackney).—(1) We think not. (2) We do not know how you are to get the information you want as to the arbitration without paying the fees.

National General Insurance Company.—Maitland (Regent's Park).—If the facts are as stated in the general manager's letter, you have no claim.

Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society.—A. H. (Wood Green).—We are obliged to you for letting us see the correspondence you have had with this Company, and congratulate you on obtaining a return of the premiums.

Sun Life Assurance Company.—R. R.—We have your letter, but we cannot help you to obtain the insurance you want.

Victoria Friendly Society.—H. C. (Bradford).—Upon the facts as you state them the policy is illegal, but the Society would probably pay.

Irish Provident Insurance Company.—A Reader of John Bull (Motherwell).—We think your better way would be to apply to the liquidator.

Provident Association of London.—A. A. T. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Yes, it has been working for over 30 years, and has accumulated large funds.

Universal Insurance Company.—L. R. (Leeds).—We think you had better accept the offer made and make the best of a bad job.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

HOLBEIN'S CHANNEL ATTEMPT.

A PLUCKY BUT UNLUCKY SWIM.

"Monty" Holbein's cruel luck in being prevented by the fog from attaining Channel honours, and, incidentally, our cheque and Cup, is now a matter of history. It was not without a strenuous protest that he left the water after the firm refusal of the tug captain to allow the swim to continue. He climbed the ladder without assistance and did not seem in any way distressed. As he was only between five and six miles from shore, he would, bar the fog, in all human probability have accomplished his object. On his return to the Hotel Metropole, at Dover, he chatted to his friends for over an hour before going to bed, and when at lunch time he was questioned by our representative, as to his future movements, he replied that he was "'Walking' over to St. Margaret's in the afternoon to have a swim." Better luck next time, "Monty"—for, in spite of *Anno Domini*, you still have a great chance!

By-the-by, old times and the new were brought together by the presence on the tug of Mr. Matthew Webb, son of the late Cross-Channel hero, who, for some of the way, accompanied Holbein in the water.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Thys
Symple crosse
Of
Irish bogge oak
Markes ye spotte
Where
Reposeth ye residue
Of

Thomas Power O'Connor

(More generallie knowne by ye Hibernian nyck-name
TAY-PAY),
Whoo,
For manie yeares
Represented in ye House of Commons
Ye Scotland, or Hooligan, Division of Liverpool.
Born atte Athlone, Ireland, Anno Domini 1848,
Hee became
Anno Domini 1867
A Junior Reporter on a Dublin Conservative newspaper;
Butte,
Feelynge ye stirrynges of a larger ambition,
Hee shooke ye dyrt of Dublin from hys feet,
And came to London, Anno Domini 1870,
To trie hys lucke.
Concealynge hys leanynges towards Home Rule
Wyth becomynge craft,
Hee became
Sub-Editor of ye *Dailie Telegraph*.
Nor was hee contente wyth thys,
Butte,
Takynge a keen interest in Astronomie
Hee founded ye *Star*, ye *Sun*, and eke ye *Weeklie Sun*,
Ye whych shone fitfullie for a whyle.
A manne of modest temperamente and retyryng disposicion,
And stronglie averse from self-advertysement,
Yette was hee willynge to put hys feelynges on ye one syde
In ye interest of ye publick.
Hee therefore established a weeklie journal,
Namynge itt
(Such was hys noble self-sacrifice!)
T.P.'s Weeklie,
Wherein,
In consideration of a preliminarie fee,
Hee undertooke to criticyse ye painful efforts
Of
Literarie Aspirants,
Although
Ye style of hys own literarie productions
Scarcelie warranted hys assumption
Of ye role of Critick.
As a debater in ye House of Commons
Hee was notte altogether devoid of Irish eloquence;
Butte
As a writer
Hee was garrulous, verbose, repetitive,
And
Sententious,
Dwellynge much on ye obvious
And too often guiltie
Of ye henious sinn
Of
Ye splitt infinitive.

Besyde thys crosse a moment stay—
No need to lynger long—
Here rest ye ashes of Tay-Pay,
Whose love of lyfe was strong.
Inn alle thynges hee could fynd Romance,
If itt were there or notte;
And never lost a sportynge chance
To write a lotte of rotte.
And, mark ye, all ye writynges of Tay-Pay
He'd copyright in ye U.S.A.!

FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

PERFORMERS VOTE FOR PAGEANT TO CONTINUE.

Prior to the Festival of Empire, at the Crystal Palace, no pageant has lasted for more than ten days, whereas the Pageant of London has already run for fourteen weeks. Last week the thousands of amateur performers voted for this series of scenes from English history to be continued until the 16th of this month, and to this the Council of the Festival of Empire readily agreed. The public are to be congratulated upon the continuance of this spectacular treat.

OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT SCHEME.

A NOVEL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF "JOHN BULL" READERS.

We have inaugurated a scheme which will enable any of our readers to enjoy first-class entertainments during their seaside holidays at considerably reduced prices, and in many cases HALF PRICE, *during September.*

By arrangement with the Proprietors of the entertainments mentioned below, any reader on presentation of the coupon to be found at the foot of the tablet on Page 1 *of the cover may obtain admission at half price (or at the reduced price), to the performances as set forth below.*

Coupons from our "companion" journal, "Mrs. Bull," will also be accepted.

Such arrangements have never been made before by any journal, and we are confident that those of our readers, either residents or on holiday in the towns mentioned, will not hesitate to avail themselves of these opportunities to the full.

ARBROATH.—*Will Irvin's "Merry Magnets," Cannon Common.* Alfresco Promenade Concerts. Half price to all seats at afternoon performances.

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BOURNEMOUTH.—*West's Pictures, Shaftesbury Hall.* Half price to all seats.

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HASTINGS.—*Pelham Hall Electric Theatre, Pelham Place.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. 3d. seats 2d.

HERNE BAY.—Messrs. Rouse, Way and Wilson. *Central Hall and Avenue Gardens, Pier Avenue.* Half price to all matinees.

ILFRACOMBE.—*Gaiety Concert Hall, Promenade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats at matinees. 1/6 seats 1/- on Monday evenings only.

JERSEY.—*West's Pictures, Royal Hall.* Half price to all seats.

LITTLEHAMPTON.—*Harry Joseph's Arcadia.* Half price to all seats free (except on Wednesdays).

LLANDUDNO.—*Arthur Sutcliffe's Entertainers. Pier Head Pavilion.* Half price to afternoon performances.

MARGATE.—*Parade Cinema (opposite the Pier).* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, afternoon performances, and half-price 1/- seats, evening performances only.

MOFFAT.—*Will Knott's Entertainers, Baths Lawn.* Half price to Afternoon Concerts.

PAIGNTON.—*Pavilion on the Green.* Fred Spencer's Entertainment. Reduced prices to afternoon performances. 6d. seats 4d.; 3d. seats 2d. Half price to promenade.

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RHYL.—*Olympian Gardens and Al-fresco Pavilion, High Street.* Complete change of company weekly. 1/- seats 9d., 6d. seats 4d. at all Matinees and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Afternoon teas served free.

ROTHESAY.—*The Palace.* Stuart Debnam and his Jesters. Half price to 6d. seats at all Matinees and half price to 1/- seats to evening performances every Wednesday ("John Bull" evening).

RYDE.—*Theatre Royal.* Half price to all performances except on Saturdays).

SALTBURN.—*Electric Theatre.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

SANDGATE.—*Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.* Half price to performances on Thursdays and Fridays.

SCARBOROUGH.—*The Olympia Picture Palace, Foreshore Road.* Half-price to all seats (except on Sundays).

SHANKLIN.—*The Favourites. Miller's Green Esplanade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. Day performances only and Children's Competitions.

SOUTHEND.—*The Happy Valley.* Lyell Johnston's Jovial Cards. Half price to afternoon performances.

SOUTHPORT.—*Pierhead.* Bert Byrne's Pierrots. Half price to 6d. seats (except Mondays and Saturdays:

TEIGNMOUTH.—The Bohemians. *Esplanade Pavilion.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d., matinees only.

TENBY.—*The Blue Myths, Coronation Gardens.* 1s. seats, 9d.; 6d. seats 4d. Special nights excepted. Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats.

VENTNOR.—*Electric Palace, High Street.* Half price to 1/- reserved seats and 6d. centre seats.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—*Town Hall.* Admission to all entertainments at half price.

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Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

THE CHILD SLAVES OF YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

By Our Special Provincial Commissioner.

The Indictment.

I have fought for and upheld the Union Jack in many distant parts of the globe, and have always proudly maintained that under its shelter slavery was a thing of the distant past. Its tricolour folds have covered many a hero who poured out his life in defence of the freedom of those who were unable to fight for themselves, and I suppose even in Yorkshire it can be seen somewhere and that under it the children are still taught to sing, "Britons never, never, never shall be," etc., etc.

But here in Yorkshire, not only is slavery still in existence, but it is the most debased slavery of all, the slavery of the child of tender years, who has been forced into it by a combination of circumstances over which it has no control, and, worst of all, the system is actually upheld and condoned by the people whose business it ought to be to stamp it out, root and branch.

They do not *call* them slaves, of course, that would never do; they have raked up a much nicer sounding title, and they call them "half-timers." Let us see how much that expresses of the real state of affairs.

I took my stand outside a mill half-an-hour after noon, to see the employés come out to dinner. It was what was called a spinning mill. Nearly half of those who made their exit from the gates were children, apparently about nine or ten years of age. With wizened faces, in mill costume, ill-shod and ill-clad, these "kiddies" had been at it since 6 a.m., except for a short interval for so-called breakfast (of which more anon), and in many cases, no doubt, had to be up soon after five to get there in time. I was informed that in order to be a "half-timer" they had to be over twelve years of age, and pass a medical examination. All I can say is that they certainly did not look the required age as far as size and stamina go, but to judge by their faces they were very much older—for the impress on the children's countenances, that ought to have been youthful and bright, showed toil and premature struggle to maintain the pace at which they have to work.

They have already done six hours' hard work, but they are not finished yet. Now the Education Committee take a hand in the game, and off to school they have to go for the afternoon session, where the teachers admit that it is a common occurrence for them to fall asleep over their tasks, and it is useless to attempt to get them to exert themselves, and so in consequence they are frequently left to sleep until the school has to close. Then, after that, it is quite the usual thing for the boys to go out selling papers in the streets until a late hour, and after they have finished crawl off to such homes as they possess, to get up again the next morning to another round of toil.

The Medical Farce.

I was puzzled to understand how it is possible that the class of child I saw pass any medical examination satisfactorily, but the secret is no secret after all. One would naturally think that the medical inspection would take place before the child took up the employment, but such is not the case. How it is done is that the child first gets the work, and afterwards goes on with it—fit or not—until the doctor calls round to see if there are any be examined. If there are, they are gathered up from their work, and paraded before him. He asks their names and addresses, their fathers' and mothers' names, and then signs the certificates.

A gentleman, who has had years of mill work and one of whose duties it was to place the children before the Inspector, told me that in over five years he had only known one to be rejected, and not more than five or six actually handled by the medical officer. Perhaps the secret may lay in the fact that the mill-owners pay the medical fees, but it is to be hoped that, at any rate, the child gets a fair chance.

There are very few mills where the hands can get their meals in a proper room. In most of them, after working hours over the bobbins, at what is called "doffing," when the breakfast bell goes they simply adjourn to a place reeking of refuse and grease gone bad, which they call the "belt-hole," as here the machinery belts are placed. This is usually a dark, noisome den, but is considere quite good enough for the "brats."

The teachers of the schools are up in arms against the iniquitous system, and say that they cannot educate these poor half-timers.

They come to school one week in the morning and the next in the afternoon. In consequence they miss just half the lessons, and are therefore incapable of understanding half they are taught, or else the instruction must all be given twice—in which case those who are more fortunately placed and come to school all the time have their progress delayed by the repetition. To get over the difficulty, it is suggested that the "half-timers" should go to night school. Ye gods, just fancy that infliction on top of all the above! In order to get to the bottom of the matter thoroughly, I visited a mill and saw these little slaves at work. I made a somewhat startling discovery.

I found that the machines in use were actually built quite low on the ground in order that their attendant gnomes could reach the spindles on which they had to place the bobbins. A grown man would be hump-backed in a week if compelled to work them. Here I saw these children flying about amongst whirling machinery performing their allotted tasks, going at full pressure, their keen little eyes watching the revolving bobbins in case of a break in the thread, which, if not at once remedied, would bring down on them the displeasure of the overlookers. I am told that it is only recently that these same overlookers were denied the use of a goad, called an "alleystrap," which used to be in every day demand, with which the poor children were kept up to concert pitch. I have before me a press extract in which it is stated that there are 80,000 half-timers at work here, 5,000 of whom are in Bradford alone. Interested parties say that the "half-timer" is an absolute necessity under present conditions, yet one of the largest millionaire mill-owners in the district states that his firm have not employed one for thirty-six years, and never will. Yet *they* are still going. I hope they will still be going when all the other patrons of sweated child-slavery have gone to their last account. Others (equally disinterested, of course) say that if the "half-timer" is stopped, it will mean that the poor widow with a family to bring up will be the principal sufferer. I will knock the bottom out of that argument in short time in my next article, for there is no greater fallacy than this sanctimonious whitewashing of what is a disgraceful scandal, and a foul blot on the country. I have purposely made this indictment brief, as I shall have to deal with some of the headings again in exposing the philanthropic way in which the Yorkshire mill-owners batten on the lives of these children.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

OUR ACADEMY ART.

(*The loss of "La Gioconda" has led to a correspondence in "The Times" on the question, "Would it be possible to steal a picture from the Royal Academy?"*)

A stupid question that to ask!
Why not set us a simpler task,
And, not enquiring if we *could*,
Why not ask, Where's the fool who *would*?

NOT SMALL FRY.

(*Mr. C. B. Fry, having his magazine and other business to attend to, and the subscriptions for carrying on his training-ship being insufficient, will not accompany the England cricket team to Australia.*)

Great Charles declines to go, and if
You'd know the reason why,
It is because at home there are
Some other fish to Fry.

Ricardo.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO WOMEN READERS.

See panel on outside cover of this Journal.

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

By Walter Moore.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

"Be careful with the coals, Jane," I said to our domestic slave, as she handed me my hat and gloves; "we have only got enough to last 175 years."

"Lawks, sir!" giggled Jane, "we shan't want coals by then. We shall want ice."

I gave facetious Jane a look of suitable sternness, and sallied out to interview the latest scare-monger, Sir William Ramsay.

"I think you are unduly pessimistic with regard to our diminishing coal supply," I remarked. "You say the British coal mines will be exhausted 175 years hence. Very well. The prospect leaves me cold. If science has not discovered some other source of heat and energy by that time, humanity will deserve to freeze."

"Oh, I have no doubt some substitute for coal will be devised, and in all probability it will be cleaner, cheaper, and more efficient," replied Sir William.

"Then, what is the object of uttering your so-called warning?" I demanded. "There's enough coal left to last through your lifetime, I take it?"

"Yes, yes; of course," retorted Sir William, testily. "It is posterity we have to think about."

"Well, sir," I said, "a favourite maxim of mine is, if we look after the present, posterity will look after itself. It always has. From my point of view, it makes no difference whether coal runs out in 175 years or 1,750, or even 17,500 years. All the economising in the world will not prevent the ultimate exhaustion of the mines. It might stave it off for a little while. But it must come. Meanwhile, let us boil, bake, and be merry, and continue to fry."

"That is a callous and selfish attitude to take up," observed Sir William. "Remember, we are the trustees of future generations."

"That's pure clap-trap," I retorted. "About one man in a million gives a thought to remote posterity. The rest of us are too busy making ourselves and our contemporaries comfortable to concern ourselves overmuch about our descendants 175 years hence. My observation of the processes of Nature and the advance of science and civilisation lead me to the conclusion that the best preparation for to-morow is to get the very best out of to-day. That surely is how evolution works. *You* say, in effect, economise with coal for the sake of generations unborn. *I* say, burn as much as we want, and let the unborn shift for themselves. Why, man alive, do you realise what it would mean to check the consumption of coal to-day? Miners put on short time or discharged wholesale, manufactures impeded, resulting in increased unemployment, poverty, and misery."

"You are going to extremes," protested Sir William. "What I maintain is, that there is enormous waste of heat and energy in our present system of coal consumption."

"What does that matter if coal must sooner or later be exhausted?" I demanded. "My advice would be this, let us burn coal as long as it suits us, and some fine day a fresh source of heat and power will be discovered, in all probability as a result of burning coal freely, instead of economising with it."

"Your optimism is refreshing," remarked Sir William sarcastically. "A pity it is not based on a more scientific foundation."

"My dear sir," I retorted, "I have always been led to believe that scientific achievements and discoveries are simply materialised optimism. It was an optimist who first dreamed of the possibility of aviation. To-day, aeroplanes are a commonplace."

"We were talking about coal," Sir William hinted icily.

"I know we were," I replied. "We were discussing the dreaded disappearance of Derby brights. You have uttered a warning on behalf of posterity 175 years hence. I say that 175 years hence, when humanity are running their engines, warming their hands, and grilling their steaks by means of some caloric at present unimagined, curious historians, searching the archives of the British Association, will come across your 'warning' and—laugh!"

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of cover.

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THE LETTERS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWNE.

DEAR JOHN,—How thankful we ought to be that the railway strike is over. Let us hope it will not occur again. Of course, it must be remitted that the railway men have many just causes of complaint, and I can quite understand their objection to the procrustian methods of the Affiliation Board. No one possessed of a crane of scents can call sixteen or eighteen shillings a week a living wage. I am sure Mr. Malaprop-Browne and I could not get along on so small a sum. It is true that the men's wages are often sublimated with tips, but that always must be an uncertain sauce of retinue; for I myself have often dissipated the expectorations of porters when travailing.

However, Mr. Browne is of the opinion that we have not yet seen the last of the labour troubles. Only at breakfast this morning he said, "My dear, until the railways are naturalised we shall continue to have paregorical outbreaks of strike. Nor will the naturalisation of the railways alone be sufficient to prevent them. It must be accompanied by con-striction. Then it will be possible to settle a railway strike as they settled a recent one in France, namely, by monopolising the reserves, and running the trains under Marshal Law."

"Who is that?" I asked Mr. Browne. "Some great French soldier, I suppose."

"*Je ne pense pas*," was Mr. Browne's reply. And I have been wondering ever since what he meant. Perhaps you can tell me. [*Pas demi.*—ED.]

I went by a cheap incursion to Folkestone the other day, being rather carious to see mixed bathing. Although there is a loud outcry in some quarters against the two sects mangling together in the briony, for my own part I see nothing wrong in it. There is, indeed, one great fact in its flavour, namely, that it enables fathers to teach their wives and children, brothers to teach their sisters, and young men to teach their financiers, how to swim. And there is no denying that a knowledge of the not-a-tory art is most sensual now-a-days, when well-nigh everybody travails abroad and runs the risk of shipwreck.

I remarked the same to Mr. Malaprop-Browne on my return home in the evening, but he said "Pooh, pooh! Much more important for people to learn how to pilate a hairyplain, which, in a few years time, will be the most common means of low commotion." Which reminded of the "Nation's hairy old navvies grappling in the central me of those lions of Tennyson's, where he speaks blue."

Parliament having risen, and the best part of satiety having gone north for the shooting, London seems very dull just now. I should very much like to join the general exodus; but Mr. Browne will not hear of it. He says that with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George away holiday-making, it is absolutely sensual that he should remain in town to keep an eye on Liberal interests, in case anything should turn up. I believe he is still anchoring after a puppy peerage. Who knows? Stranger things have happened—but not much.

Mr. Malaprop-Browne talks about going to India for the Durbar. I suggested that he should take me with him, but his excuse for not doing so is the topical heat, which, he says, I could never stand. Considering that I stood the recent heat-wave much better than Mr. Browne did, I think his objection is absurd; and I said so. But he said the heat in India is different, and that women don't understand.

Anyhow, I understand quite enough to see that he wants to go off to India on his own. Well, he may, for all I care. I should rather like to feel what it is like to be a grass window for a few weeks. Who knows what rheumatic epilogue might come my way? Mr. Browne [illegible]s that I am at the dangerous age, as some writer has called it; and you may be sure I shall not remind him.

Yours very severely,

MATILDA MALAPROP-BROWNE.

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113 a

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Concert."

Strength, comic or serious, must before all things be one of the leading features of a successful play, and that it dominates "The Concert," at the Duke of York's Theatre, no one can deny. Not "strength" in man! Dear me, no! He is about as weak as a newly-born babe. Not "strength" in the story, which is anything but novel—but "strength" in woman—woman pictured in her most divinely gentle and self-sacrificing form. Woman so essentially feminine and true, that with all her quiet restraint and magnificent undercurrent of force, she compels you to feel the unbounded extent of her powers. You realise that without the firmness of character conveyed by Irene Vanbrugh as Mrs. Arany, her husband, despite his genius, his alluring gift as a musician, and his handsome face, would assuredly go to the wall very quickly, and it is by this very "strength" alone that the German-American play will stand or fall in this country. It doesn't matter a straw to Gabor Arany how deeply he may wound, stab, and pierce the heart that is his so absolutely! The idea never occurs to him that he is wounding and cruelly hurting her. The man's vanity must be satisfied At any price he must receive the adulation his soul yearns for. One woman's love may be his, but that is insufficient—he wants the entire petticoated world to be at his feet. "I cannot help it—don't I tell you, I cannot help it," he pleads. "If I lose my hold upon the women my career is over! Tint my hair, pet me, look after me, take care of me—never mind about yourself—only don't ever let me grow old—is the pitiful whimpering of the musician to Helen Arany.

And life is made up of these great men, who outwardly and publicly are towers of Herculean manliness and virility, but behind this veneer of thews and sinews they are as flaccid and limp as infants in swaddling clothes. It is the wife who has to sink her identity if she wants her husband to succeed; it is she who has to buckle on her armour and supply the stamina her man lacks. But how diplomatically she has to proceed. What a terrible restraint she has to put upon herself not to reveal her innermost feelings. What a tension she is always working at beneath that quiet unerring influence which directs every action—an influence that without the slightest sign of imperiousness or arrogance at once subjugates and controls for good—as the husband finds when he is on the verge of losing it.

Whatever interest there may be in "The Concert," then, it is centred around Irene Vanbrugh, whose reading of Helen Arany's difficult character is beyond all praise, and belongs to one of the most noteworthy efforts our leading actress has ever made.

To Henry Ainley falls an equally hard task of making Gabor Arany a human being, and I have no doubt his claim to having fulfilled this mission will be widely discussed by the fair sex. Miss May Blaney plays the part of a little vain, spoiled woman excellently, and Mr. Charles Bryant makes the lady a conveniently foolish and forgiving husband. Whether the ordinary man would behave quite as Dr. Dallas does when he discovers his wife alone with Gabor in the bungalow where the couple have flown to on the Catskill Mountains is perhaps not worth arguing about. As the doctor appears satisfied and takes his wife to his bosom again, why should others complain? But whatever one may think about Gabor Arany, Dr. and Mrs. Dallas and the rest of the company, nobody can have two opinions as to Irene Vanbrugh—she is immense!

The Follies.

London is happy once more! The Follies have returned to the Apollo, and again their now familiar home echoes with peals and peals of genuine laughter. Always in the brightest vein, ever in the best of taste, M. Pelissier continues to pot the plays of the moment, and to caricature the manners, idiosyncrasies, and eccentricities of the people of to-day. "Baby Mine," "Kismet," etc., have not escaped the "glad eye" of H. G. Pelissier—and the fun goes with one long roar of approval from A to Z. Miss Gwennie Mars has retired from the brilliant little company, however, and her place is filled by Miss Fay Compton, a talented daughter of the well-known comedian; Mr. Lewis Sydney is as droll as ever; Effie Cook's singing about her dreams is a sheer delight, and Morris Harvey is better than ever in his imitations. What a welcome they received! It did your ears good to listen to it! But they have worked, have the Follies, and richly deserve the reward they've won.

A Lamplighter

Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains—

More money to spend, less effort to make it, more time to enjoy it, is what Mr. Clifford experiences as a *direct result* of employing Phosferine to dispel his nervous disorders. Exhausted by his efforts to withstand the ravages of neuralgia, sleeplessness, and nerve pains, Mr. Clifford *lost the power* to make an effort to help himself, and in gloomy despair, after spending so much on useless remedies, he consented to try Phosferine. The tonic quickly proved what a *little* it costs to keep well, for so intense was the inrush of the re-energising potency of Phosferine that even after the *fifth dose* all nerve pains disappeared, sleeplessness vanished, and Mr. Clifford felt as if he had suddenly been put firmly on his feet again. The cure so well begun was soon completed, and such a *lasting* benefactor does Phosferine prove that Mr. Clifford carries on his active outdoor occupation in all weathers, certain that Phosferine will prevent any recurrence of nervous disabilities.

Completely Banished.

Mr. H. L. Clifford, 32, Shakespeare Road, Higham Hill, Walthamstow, writes: "Some little time ago I was suffering all the tortures of neuralgia, life was a misery to me, I could neither eat nor sleep, the pain was maddening and incessant. I spent a lot of money on drugs, but nothing stayed the wearying pain. My eldest daughter advised me to try Phosferine, but being sceptical after trying so many remedies, she could not convince me for a long time. At last she offered to buy me a bottle if I would try it. I went off and bought a bottle of Phosferine. After taking about five doses the terrible throbbing began to cease, I had a good night's rest, that run-down feeling left me, and I began to feel like a new man. I may say that as a lamplighter I am exposed to all weathers and have a lot of broken rest and excessive walking. Everybody notices the great improvement in me since I took Phosferine. I continue the remedy regularly twice a day, and I would not be without it on any account, as I consider it has given me a new lease of life."—May 17, 1911.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A POWER REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Sciatica	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE ROYAL TONIC

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. The Empress of Russia
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION :—

Will the Commission find a "permanent way" out of the difficulty?
Isn't "I spy" rather a childish game?
Doesn't the Kaiser know that being "in the sun" too much may mean a "tanning"?
Aren't the police thankful for a "Liberal" Government?
How many of the "mystery fleet" are "paper" boats?
Is "My eye!" how they pronounce it at the Shaftesbury Theatre?
Hasn't cricket been well "Fostered" in Warwickshire this year?
Is "The Concert" really "a scream"?

"I am very hungry," said a man caught stealing the carcass of a sheep. He must have been.

"The woman who bores a man is lost," says W. J. Locke. Yes, as speedily as possible.

"Buying a Wife," reads a headline. One way of getting a "dear" one.

The Kaiser, it is stated, is composing an opera. We presume that, as usual, he will want to take the "lead."

There is a craze among Berlin women to have their portraits painted while asleep. Studies in "still life."

"Are we becoming an ugly race?" asks a morning paper. We fear so—on the face of it.

"Many a man takes a wife when he only wants a needle," says Mrs. John Lane. But it's a sure way of getting the needle.

"The God of War," the title of a forthcoming play, suggests "blood and thunder."

"No Swimmers at Southend," reads a news heading. Well, they don't often get a chance at the sea.

The onion is said to be a preventive of scarlet fever. We can't swallow it.

"Plum-pudding" bowler hats are to be the fashion, but this will not justify the expression, "boil your head."

The hookless, buttonless dress now being worn in New York is doubtless the invention of a desperate married man.

Lord Lucas, who is establishing a bacon factory, is not the first public man to deal in "gammon."

American Senators speak at the rate of 175 words a minute, we are informed. And yet they frequently waste time.

New York spent more than £725,000 in taxicab fares last year. The "hire" system is evidently popular.

"Only fools and horses work nowadays," said a tramp at the Surrey Quarter Sessions. What about "asses"?

By writing a letter to the papers, a lady has had sufficient fans sent her to supply all the London hospitals. We congratulate her upon raising the wind so quickly.

The new serial in a morning paper is called "The Tower Hill Mystery." Certainly a striking title.

The announcement, "Another Unionist Club for Hanwell," might have been better put.

Sir Walter Gilbey recently entertained a party of cabmen. They were all men of rank.

"77 marries 17," we read. We should have thought one enough at that age.

Admiral Togo, whilst in the United States, was seized with an attack of indigestion. Trying to swallow one of their yarns, we suppose.

"Wrestle for beauty and health," says a doctor. Most of us have to.

"England more Sober," says a heading. But it is still a tight little island.

A photographic lens was the cause of a fire in Paris. Many have known it revive an old flame.

"Sanity and Feet," an article is headed. But you cannot put a man away because his feet are balmy.

At a cricket match recently played at Kew, the players wore top hats. But they couldn't dispense with the bowlers.

Mme. Clara Butt was the judge at a recent carnival at the Crystal Palace. She is accustomed to holding the scales.

"An Englishman" has sent Lord Haldane £10,000 for a full-sized range. What about a Kitchener?

A wineseller who has just died near Paris had been a witness at 10,000 marriages. He had seen a lot of trouble.

The Sphere Suspender

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, also in suitable styles for LADIES' WEAR. The smartest and most comfortable suspender in the world: prices 1/- to 2/6. On sale everywhere. If unable to procure send P.O., with 1d. for postage, to SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., Leicester. *Illus. Folder free.*

The most constant user of the "Erasmic" Shaving Stick is the man who has tried other kinds. *He knows.*

Trial Sample 2d. stamps. Money back if not satisfied. The Erasmic Co., Ltd., (Dept. K) Warrington.

10D.

"Erasmic" SHAVING STICK

The SOFT Double Collar is accepted to-day as the most comfortable and convenient Collar for all Sports wear.

Summit 49—The Soft Dressed Collar made from 'Summit' shrunk materials, and with the small eyelet holes for the safety pin—has been so big a favourite that we were quite unable to keep abreast of the demand.

Please accept our apologies if we disappointed you

An ample stock of this popular Collar is now to be found at each of our shops, and post orders will be filled by return of post.
Half-sizes, 13½ to 18 inches.
One depth, 2 inches.

6 for 3/-

Sample Collar and Booklet 6½d. post free.
Address applications to 28, Nicholl Square, E.C.
'Summit' Safety Pins 6½d. each.

Austin Reed Ltd

113, REGENT ST., W. 13, FENCHURCH ST., E.C.
157A, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 5, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER FURNISHED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (2 page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of PUTTING OUR READERS INTO COMMUNICATION WITH ONE ANOTHER. *If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.*

G. T. (Putney) says there was a *fire at Milford Haven*, the fire engine took an hour and a half to come, and there was no fire escape in the town.

Mrs. A. J. (Aylesbury) complains of the *Orazi Tea Co.*, 145, Romford Road, E., and says they do not pay the bonuses which they promise.

G. W. (Parkstone) says *T. Graves & Co.*, 96, Oldham Street, Manchester, offer parcels of drapery to be sent, apparently, on receipt of a first instalment of 2s., and then refuse to send it until nine other instalments have been paid.

E. A. L. (Great Yarmouth) says that the firm of *F. Clarke & Co.*, which we recently exposed, has bloesomed forth in another name with a "Great clearance sale of unclaimed goods."

C. J. G. (Bilbao) tells us about a man at Wakefield who was sent to gaol for one month for *ill-treating* his *small daughter*, and thinks this insufficient punishment in view of the fact that a man was recently sentenced to four months' hard labour for ill-treating a kitten.

"BRODUCT" (Hanwell) sent 10s. 6d. to the editress of the *Matrimonial Mail*, Tagus Villa, Hammonds Green, Totton, Hants., but nothing was done to provide him with a wife and his letters are returned marked "Gone away."

K. T. (Teignmouth) says *Christian Science* cured him when all other means had failed. We have always thought it might do good in cases of imaginary disease.

H. DE R. complains of "the idle and *spiteful women* (sort of semi-ladies) who abound in our South of England seaside resorts. Quite unable to pick up a husband, they spend their useless hours in dragging about the town, saying spiteful things of their neighbours, and inventing all kinds of mendacious and foul insinuations against women better-looking than themselves. There is only one cure for these creatures. Let them be sent to New Zealand, let them be met by men on arrival at the New Zealand port and let them be compulsorily married. Yes, marriage will knock the rot out of 'em if anything will. Some day, perhaps, you may find time to launch a society for ridding England of its vast band of discontented women." Evidently H. de R. is a good-looking lady who has aroused criticism in her neighbourhood.

"AN EMPLOYE" (Gravesend) says the *Port of London Authority* advertised for a Dredging Superintendent at £500 a year when they had already selected their man. More red tape.

"PEEPING TOM" (Coventry) wants us to have a biscuit for saying a *paralysed lady* wrote to us. But we never said she was paralysed all over. If Peeping Tom is so sharp-sighted, he will soon be seeing double.

D. C. (Broxburn, West Lothian) complains of the *charges for* permission to erect *gravestones*.

Miss L. J. S. (Hertford) exposes the *London Fine Art Co.* (89, Cornwallis Road, N.) competitions.

"ICONOCLAST" (*Coomassie*).—Don't be silly. Have you a heat-wave out there too?

A "READER OF JOHN BULL" (Leeds) complains that he was *bullied* by the Official Receiver *in bankruptcy*. That is unusual. He is usually very polite to the unfortunate.

H. L. (Brockley) says the *manners of Frenchmen* in England are deteriorating. They have become boisterous and shout "To Hell with England!" instead of taking off their hats and asking "Vich ees ze vay to ze Charing Cross?" But "To Hell with England" is not even the translation of a French phrase. They would invite each other to conspue England, and then we should kick them in their lunar regions.

"LANCASTRIAN" exposes the tricks of the *Cable Watch Co.* (148, Old Street, E.C.), which induces children to take 30 rubbishy post-cards for sale at 1d. each, and gives them a sort of sundial in a tin watch-case as a "prize."

"ANGLO-SCOTCH" (Edinburgh) blames *Scotsmen* for *talking* so much *about* their *battles*, but how can they be expected to forget Gladsmuir any more than the Irish Fontenoy? Why is it an impudence to wear kilts in London during a heat-wave?

J. L. (Oldham) sends a warning about *Samuell, George & Co.* (155, North Wing, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks.), who advertise goods on the instalment system.

L. F. T. (Leeds) says that *offerings* in connection with the churching of women are voluntary.

T. A. (Glasgow).—It is quite a different thing for private individuals to present us with a cup, and for a *portrait* to be *given to Mr. Morton* at the instigation of a public body.

C. H. L. (Long Sutton) thinks it unfair that *unqualified drug-store proprietors* should be allowed to dispense.

(*Continued on page* 378.)

Chairman.

To have had, to have not,
and then again to have.

There is no enjoyment like it. For 'tis Chairman! Fine and cool: fragrant and pleasing, with every charm that tobacco has.

There is none other like it.

Boardman's
is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder
the same but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. everywhere.

R. J. LEA, LTD., MANCHESTER.

204-3

Many Gun-Lovers

judiciously abstain from the stronger stimulants when aspiring to a really good "bag." For such experts ROSS'S Belfast Dry Ginger Ale supplies a long-felt want. Refreshing, invigorating and without relaxing after effect—"Ross" owes its tonic benefits to its perfect ingredients and its quality to the personal supervision of the third generation of Ross. With a slice of lemon, "Ross" is most delicious.

W. A. Ross & Sons, Ltd., Belfast.

London: 6 Colonial Avenue, Minories, E. (Wholesale only.)

Glasgow: 38 York Street. (Wholesale only.)

28

'KEMO' RAZOR SHARPENER

Converts your old strop into a perfect edge-producer—solves the problem of shaving in comfort every day without the slightest smarting of the skin—is easily applied and will last as long as a man needs a razor—price 6d. Kemo Strops in fine leather, specially prepared with Kemetine, 2s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

KEMO CO., 17, Billiter St., London

For all Kinds of Razor Blades

FARROW'S BANK LTD.

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts).

THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

Authorised Share Capital - £500,000

EVERY BANKING FACILITY.

Current Accounts opened with Five Pounds and upwards.
Write or Call for Illustrated Booklet and Balance Sheet.

HEAD OFFICE—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

JUNON BUST DEVELOPER

is a wonderful preparation that really does develop the bust.

Simple in its use and action—one can carry out the treatment in one's own private room—without trouble or inconvenience of any kind.

Its low price places a perfect development within the reach of all, and any woman who has hitherto been secretly worried about her shrunken and unhealthy appearance should commence this treatment at once.

Send 5/6 and this new and unfailing preparation will be mailed you by return, post free, in plain and sealed wrapper.

Junon Bust Developer is prepared only by the Proprietors and is GUARANTEED HARMLESS.

JUNON Hair TONIC

Restores gloss and Brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

Recommended, for use in conjunction with JUNON Hair Stains.

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

Post 1/- & 2/6 Free

Securely packed in plain package.

JUNON Hair STAIN

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

Its Eight Standard Shades:—Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

Post 1/- & 2/9 Free

Securely packed in plain package.

JUNON Ltd., Marsham St., Westminster, S.W.

J.E. & CO.

H. E. B. (West Green) wants the S.E. & C. *Railway* Co. to put on decent *carriages* for long distances, as his wife was shaken to pieces coming back from Margate. His carriage had 1708 on the window-frame, and he supposes that is the date of its birth.

M. G. DE J. (*Buenos Aires*) has been teaching in the Berlitz School there for six years, and has never once been either accosted or insulted in the streets, though she is a well-built woman with a fairly good figure. Her staff consists of twenty-six ladies of various nationalities, and only one of them has ever been insulted, and she brought it on herself. "At the same time," she writes, "I should never advise young frivolous girls to come here any more than I should advise them to go to France, Germany, Italy, Spain or Belgium." We quite agree, and hope that such nice people will remain in England.

"VICTOR" (Sunderland).—We do not advise you to send any money for tickets in *Calcutta sweeps* unless you know a member of the club.

MR. EUSTACE MILES writes that physical health is "a most essential form of patriotism," and he wants to found a "*league* of personal responsibility *to encourage deep breathing.*" Oddly enough he says nothing about mock chicken and nut cutlets.

L. E. B. (Bournemouth) is alarmed by an announcement in the *Daily Mirror* that "the citizens of the future will be *born toothless.*" We should not be surprised to hear that the next scaremonger prophesies that babies will be born bald.

W. A. S. (London, N.E.) is a Jew who sets out to tell us the price of *converting Jews.* He says that the missions established places for free medical treatment, and that many Jews are persuaded to attend them. But he does not consider the acceptance of medical relief a convincing proof of conversion to Christianity. He says, "They tell me they laugh inwardly while saying the short prayer or listening to it, but when they come out are as strong Jews as ever, if not stronger." The same thing of course applies in Eastern countries where education is accepted with the same "inward laugh." Of course it is a matter of taste, but if someone offered to teach us arithmetic or give us a blue pill on the condition that we attended a service in which we did not believe, we are not sure that we should not prefer to go out and drink bitterly.

"PATRICK" says we are quite wrong in thinking that the Bishop of Cork advocated the promotion of *Christianity among Jews*, that he is a pious old Dominican monk not at all keen on proselytism, and that the culprit was the Protestant Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross." Surely when we said "the *Bishop of Cork*," if, indeed, we said anything of the kind, it is rather idle to go and contradict us because there are two Bishops of Cork, and one of them does not happen to be the culprit. We are not an ecclesiastical tribunal, and we utterly decline to say which is the right Bishop of Cork.

MESSRS. ROBERT SEYD & Co., Solicitors, write to us that Mr. *Charles Carrington* is bringing an action against the Postmaster-General, and that we must not allude to the case while it is *sub judice.*

E. V. (London, N.W.) wants us to boycott shops which do not use *fly-papers.* But some people think that fly-papers enable flies to infect meat with poison.

A. E. S. (Portsmouth) could not get his *luggage labelled* at a railway station, and had to take it in with him, to the great discomfort of his fellow passengers. Why not have written to the Company?

W. S. (s.s. "Logic").—The fact that "the Duke of Grafton has been *confined to bed*" does not necessarily justify the heading, "Born Tired." Such logic is only fit to be told to the marines.

J. J. D. (Ardsley) asks, "Can you tell me why I *cannot get* a good *straightforward letter published*, even though it is of the highest importance to the public or to the world at large? I am a thinker, and things come natural to me. I grasp the truth of things, which every sound man ought to do. I have a thousand and one things I would like to unfold, but how am I to do it?" We give it up.

L. H. (London, W.).—We never imagined that all *palmists* were law-breakers, but many of them undoubtedly are.

"BANNOCKBURN" says that if all *Scotsmen* were *consigned to Hell* there would be no English Cup Final. He says that "beer and belly" are the only concern of English tradesmen.

T. R. W. (Dalston) wants to know whether the fact of being an apprentice in the City of London entitles a man to the *Freedom of the City* on payment of a guinea.

"JERSEY" won a prize of £150 in a *competition* and then received offers of money from advertising *tipsters* if he would allow them the sole right to announce that they had sent him the winning words. This explains their apparent success in certain cases.

"HITTY" (Calne) wants to know *whether employers are allowed to fine their men* without funding the proceeds in some way. We suppose it is for the employees to allow or disallow the practice.

J. E. B. (South Hampstead) says there are people who profess to help inventors, but deliberately plan imperfections in *patents* in order to secure the full rights for themselves.

MRS. B. G. (Bromley) says that *aliens* are given many *Government appointments in our Colonies and Protectorates*, particularly in an East African Sultanate which is now virtually a Protectorate. As she points out, other colonising countries look after their own people better.

R. W. (Devonport) says the *Sunday train service in Cornwall* is most miserable and prevents numbers of seamen from enjoying their leave at home.

MRS. L. K. (Eastbourne) has been subscribing to any number of firms in the hope of *obtaining a situation*, but without result. This does not necessarily mean that they are all swindlers.

H. B. S. (Gloucester Gate) wants us to try to stop electric theatres from exhibiting *pictures of executions.* Such matters, however, should we think be left to the public taste.

"AULD REEKIE" wants to know "when all these *quack medicines* will be stopped." Let us answer his inquiry with another: When will there be a limit to human credulity?

S. M. (Harringay) thinks *motor buses* ought to be provided with some kind of guard or cow-catcher to protect the public against accidents, and that "should this be done there would be less enmity against the buses and the drivers would have less lives to their debit. The face of a driver who, perhaps, through no fault of his own, mangles a person, is not easily forgotten. Thank you!" Don't mention it.

O. B. (Streatham) wants to know whether *prize competitions* carried on by private enterprise are legal. We certainly do not see how a newspaper could occupy a better legal position than an individual. It all depends on the nature of the competition But we do not advise our friend to guarantee an enterprise of this kind.

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

UNIQUE OFFER FOR THE MILLIONTH COPY OF "JOHN BULL" SOLD IN ONE WEEK.

The regular weekly circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually approaching one million copies, and in this connection we now make the following unique offer:—

We will pay the sum of £500 for the first millionth copy actually sold. This is no lottery. We wish to obtain the copy, frame it, and preserve it, as marking an absolute record in the case of a British Weekly Periodical.

We could easily increase our printing order to one million and preserve the millionth copy so printed. That, however, would have no future value. What we desire to secure is the first *millionth copy* actually circulated in the Trade *and sold*—and this is how we propose to get it. Such copy will bear upon it a distinctive number (not necessarily 1,000,000)—made automatically by the printing machine and unknown to any living soul except the directors of John Bull, Ltd., who guarantee that the copy so numbered will go into circulation through the Trade in the ordinary way.

The millionth copy may be in circulation any week now, and all we ask our readers to do is to carefully preserve their JOHN BULLS and await a further announcement.

Let is be clearly understood, however, that in making this offer we are actuated solely by commercial considerations.

We shall in due course indicate the identifying number.

"I'M STRONG ONCE MORE"

"I was once weak, thin, emaciated, puny, and colourless. Would you ever believe that I am the same man who came into your office three months ago? Look at me. See how well my muscles are developed. I have strength, vitality, energy, vim and vigour. That 'AJAX' DRY-CELL BATTERY is a wonder. There is nothing like it to put 'steam' and life into one."

Such are the enthusiastic expressions of an "Ajax" patient.

That's what it does. It makes men out of the weakest specimens: big robust, manly men, the kind that are admired and honoured. Wouldn't you rather be such a man and have people point to you and say, "Isn't he a fine fellow?" than to be the weakling who is trodden upon and despised? You can be if you will let us pour a stream of electric life into your weakened nerve-centres while you sleep.

The "AJAX" BATTERY is a dry-cell electric generator. It is always charged, always ready for use. You do not have to be bothered with any acid or other substances in charging it. It gives out its current whenever it is applied to the body. It is endorsed by the highest authorities as the only genuine electric body battery ever invented. The well-known electrical expert, W. Lascelles Scott, Esq., after an exhaustive test, says: "The results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." This Battery secured the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the International Exhibition.

A FREE BOOK telling all about the electric cure is sent free upon application. It is entitled "Electricity—the Road to Health." It is a volume of 80 pages, which is brimful of the things the true lover of health likes to read. It is well worth two guineas to any sufferer, yet it does not even cost you a penny stamp. Please ask us to send it to you at once. We will give you the names and addresses of hundreds of "AJAX" men—the men who have been cured. We have a book for women also. Call at the office for the free test, if you can, or write at once.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept 41),
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GRAVES

This Powerful Gramophone with 12 Brilliant Disc Record Selections is delivered on approval to all approved orders for 5/- with order and nine monthly payments of 5/-. Hear the Machine and Records in your own home, and if you are not completely charmed and delighted we will instantly refund all money. This Magnificent Gramophone has Solid Oak Cabinet with Elaborate Art Metal Panel Embellishment, Powerful Silent Steel Motor, 12 inch Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, richly decorated 16 inch Sound Horn, and extremely natural and sensitive Reproducer. Warranted Three Years.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.
All the latest and best Needle and Sapphire Gramophones at challenging prices and Easy Monthly Payment Terms. All Gramophone owners should write for our great Monthly Payment Disc Record Offer. 5/- in the £ Cash Discount.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAMOPHONES

A *Live* Paper for Women.

A COMPANION JOURNAL TO "JOHN BULL"

MRS. BULL

MRS. BULL is *the* indispensable Home paper containing information on matters vital to women to be found in no other journal. It is essentially helpful—giving hints that save time and money, and comprises a host of features in lighter vein of engrossing interest.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE BUSINESS GIRL.
A Striking new Series entitled "Facing the World," every parent and girl should read.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.
Mrs. Bull discourses upon passing events and matters of moment to her sex.

MRS. BULL'S STORYETTE.
By Louise Heilgers.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.
Peeps behind the Scenes.

A DELIGHTFUL COMPLETE STORY:
"The Slave."

THE WIFE'S HOLIDAY.
Some Suggestions to the Husband

HINTS TO THE HELPLESS.
A Useful Article for the Housekeeper.

CONCERNING CATS.
By Frances Simpson.

MRS. BULL'S LEAGUE OF CHARITY.
AT THE DRESSMAKER'S.
MRS. BULL IN THE KITCHEN.
MRS. BULL AND HER NEEDLE.
CHATS WITH THE DOCTOR.
THEATRE GOSSIP.
MRS. BULL IN THE NURSERY.
OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.
MRS. BULL'S LETTER BAG.
THE BULL PUPS' PAGE.

BARONESS ORCZY'S
GREAT SERIAL
"FIRE IN STUBBLE."

£100 OFFERED FOR A COPY OF "MRS. BULL"

TAKE A COPY HOME WITH YOU EVERY TUESDAY—1d. IT WILL DELIGHT THE LADIES. BEGIN WITH THIS WEEK'S NO.

TO H.M. THE KING.

"Black & White" Whisky

Jas. Buchanan & Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

Irish Linen

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

(" *Double U. L.*" of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY and "*Maggie*" of THE GLOBE.)

Medley.

Some trainers are extraordinarily secretive in regard to their horses, and at times the lads themselves do not know what the unnamed two-year-olds really are.

It is hardly credible, but true, that many more horses break down in wet weather and heavy going than when the ground is abnormally hard.

The horses carrying the crimson, broad silver band are invariably the *first* entered and the *last* weighted—that is at the foot of the handicap.

Horses contesting the last race of the day, particularly on a Saturday, gain much fictitious importance for the moment, and their doings probably mean more monetarily than even the biggest event of the period.

I am glad to see that Kempton continue their Corinthian Welters at each meeting, which is bound to have the effect of producing a fresh crop of gentleman jockeys.

B. Dillon, the jockey, very much prizes a neat little horse and jockey pin which Mr. Frank Curzon gave him as a memento of the success of his first racehorse, Fargueil (now renamed Bosey) at Gatwick.

A Mistake.

The tendency nowadays is to take the weight off the backs of two-year-olds by making the imposts in races 8 st. 3 lbs. for colts and 8 st. for fillies and geldings, or by reducing them to about 8 st. by certain selling or other allowances. This must be a mistake, as nothing requires *more* delicate handling with the assistance of the senior jockeys such as Saxby, Dillon, Maher, etc., than young thoroughbred stock, especially in their first races. Moreover, the jockeys themselves have ground for complaint, as already in handicaps their opportunities are curtailed sufficiently without making these standard weight events at such a poundage that they cannot be employed.

Prophetic.

To-day (Thursday) at York MANWOLF must take the Breeders' St. Leger if he is anything like the animal they think he is, whilst the Devonshire Nursery may well fall to the so far unlucky Joyner's stable through the REPUTE f. Our choice for Friday must be

EUDORUS

in the Peveril of the Peak Plate, in which Brewer's good but unlucky colt may well atone for his previous failures. The mile suits him nicely, so he should at least secure a place. At Lewes, also on Friday, PHERENICUS and LLANWRDA may both score at last, whilst at Kempton I can find nothing better than the nice three-year-old PAULHAN in the Earlsfield Handicap.

There is too much uncertainty in dealing with the St. Leger now so far ahead, for very many things can happen meanwhile; although at present King William dominates everything, it is at a price which isn't worth taking.

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(Owing to an error, BERT CLARINGBULL'S *advertisement was omitted from a small part of our last issue.)*

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